LEGENDS OF
JI GONG

Reincarnation of an Arhat

Compiled by Katherine Goh Pei Ki
Illustrated by Chan Kok Sing
Translated by Wu Jingyu
An Asiapac Publication

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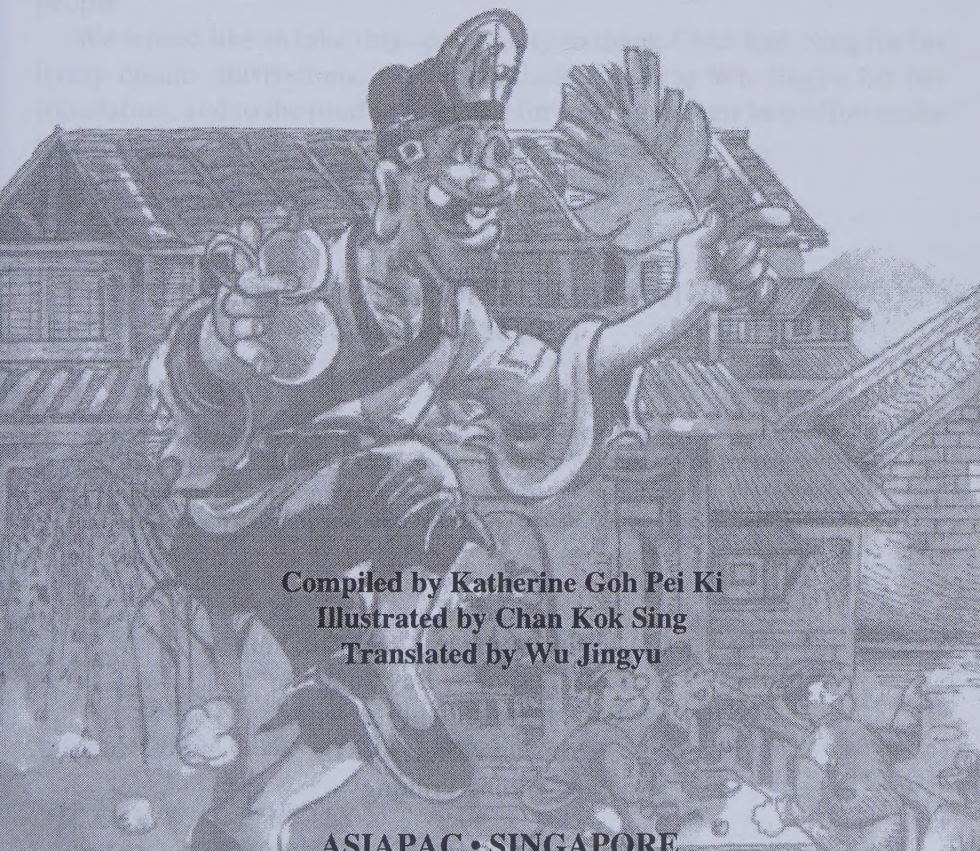
ASIAPAC COMIC SERIES

LEGENDS OF JI GONG
Reincarnation Of An Arhat

济公传奇
罗汉降世



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Publisher's Note

Asiapac Books is proud to bring you a new comic series entitled *LEGENDS OF JI GONG*. In the first volume, *Reincarnation Of An Arhat,* we witness Ji Gong's beginning in the human world and how he turned into the crazy monk so loved by ordinary folks.

He went about playing pranks on unscrupulous and wicked people, making them suffer at their own misdeeds. He was the healer of the sick and always came to the aid of those in desperate straits. He used his magical power to slay monsters and eliminate evil spirits. Because of his many good deeds, he was respectfully called "Ji Gong", meaning "helping the common people".

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Chan Kok Sing for his lively comic illustrations. Our appreciation, too, to Wu Jingyu for her translation, and to the production team for putting in their best effort in the publication of this book.

Asiapac Comic Series by Chan Kok Sing

THE EIGHT IMMORTALS
LEGENDS OF JI GONG: Reincarnation Of An Arhat

About The Illustrator

Chan Kok Sing is a Malaysian artist born in 1971. A lover of nature and the simple life, he enjoys physical exercise and reading. Upon completion of his secondary education in 1990, he took up a course in pure art at the College Of Art, Kuala Lumpur, and graduated in 1995. Since then, he has published many of his comics and illustrations in various newspapers in Malaysia. His aspiration is to have an art studio of his own.

About The Translator

Wu Jingyu, born in 1928, studied journalism at Yenching University from 1944 to 1948. She studied at the Beijing Foreign Language School in 1950, where translators and interpreters were trained. She began her teaching career in 1954 and taught Chinese, Chinese Literature, English and European Literature in American, Canadian and Chinese universities. She is now Professor of English, specialising in teaching English as a second language at the Beijing Second Foreign Language Institute.

Introduction

LEGENDS OF JI GONG first appeared as a literary work during the Song Dynasty. The stories about this legendary character Ji Gong then passed on from generation to generation and they had gone a long way in instilling moral values in the ordinary folks. Numerous accounts had been written by writers and released by various publishers. Eventually, the original writer became obscure and could not be traced.

There are many versions of *LEGENDS OF JI GONG*. In some versions, Ji Gong was depicted as the incarnate of Arhat Xiang Long (the Divine Subjugator of Dragon). In other versions, he was the incarnate of Arhat Fu Hu (the Divine Subjugator of Tiger).

In this comic version, Ji Gong was born of a well-to-do family. He was the incarnate of Arhat Xiang Long. As a baby, he was accepted by Abbot Xingkong as a nominal disciple and given the name Xiuyuan. By the time he was sixteen, he knew by heart all the classics and the works of masters of various schools of thought. He had intended to take the imperial examination, but, unfortunately, both his parents died and he had to live with his uncle.

During the period of mourning, Xiuyuan studied Buddhist classics. When his three years' mourning was over, he had read ten thousand religious books. Then, he left his uncle's home and started to travel around the country. When he arrived at Hangzhou all his money had been spent, so he decided to become a monk and came to Lingyin Temple by the West Lake. Abbot Yuankong accepted Xiuyuan as his disciple and changed his name to Daoji.

He was always up to mischief during meditation, so his fellows called him "Jidian", meaning "the crazy monk". Jidian often stole out of the temple and wandered in town. Being a monk, he was supposed to be a vegetarian, yet he was fond of meat and wine. He gave the following poem to justify his behaviour:

Some people cultivate their minds but some people cultivate their mouths. Others cultivate their mouths but not their minds; for me, I cultivate my mind but not my mouth.

He went about helping the common folks in their woes, and punishing the wicked and unscrupulous. He also used his magical power to destroy monsters and eliminate evil spirits. This is reflected in his song:

I roam the world by land and by water. I mingle with the common people, do good and punish the evil. Ghosts and monsters have no place to hide.

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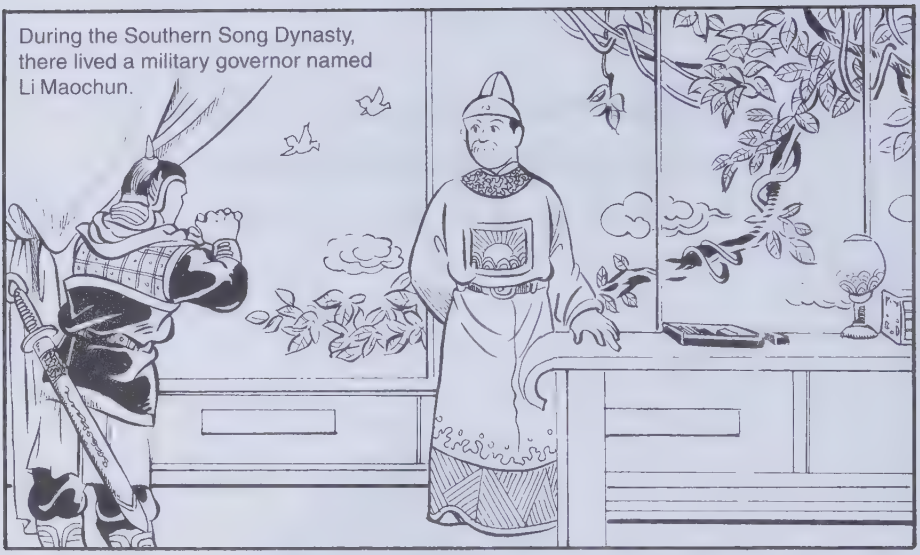
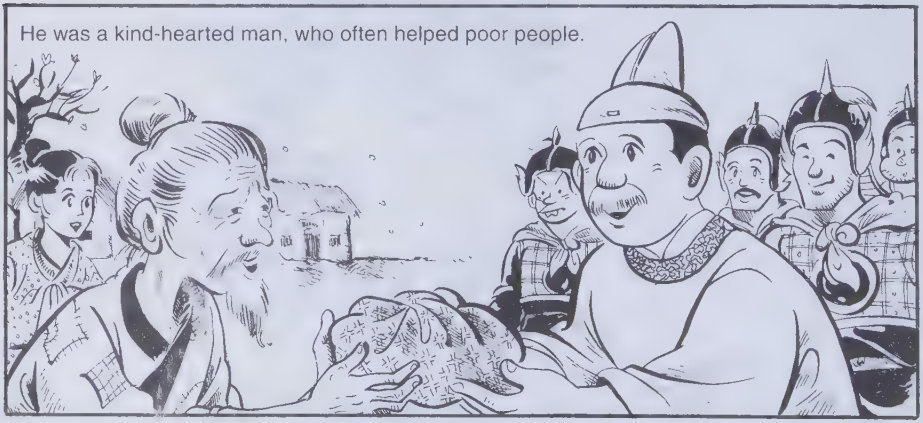
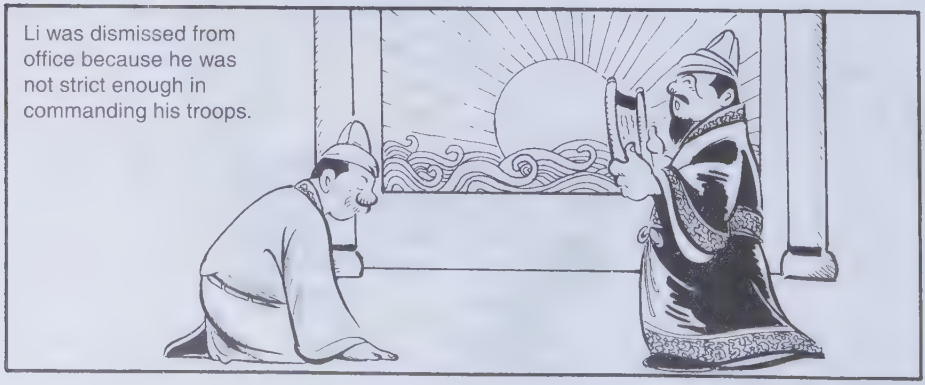
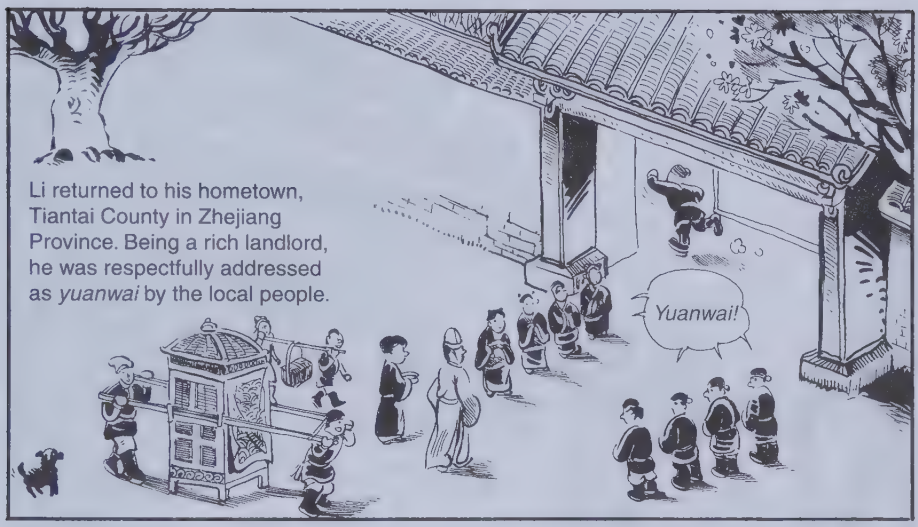
A *Yuanwai* Prays For A Son; An Arhat Reincarnates

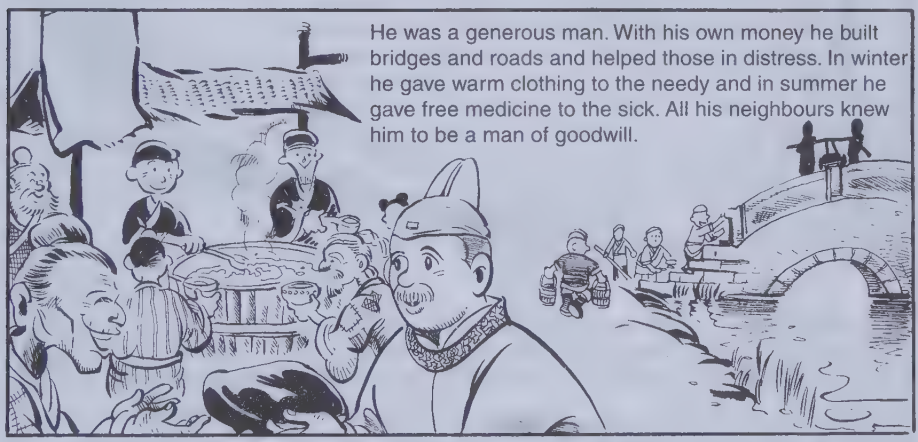
员外求子　罗汉降世

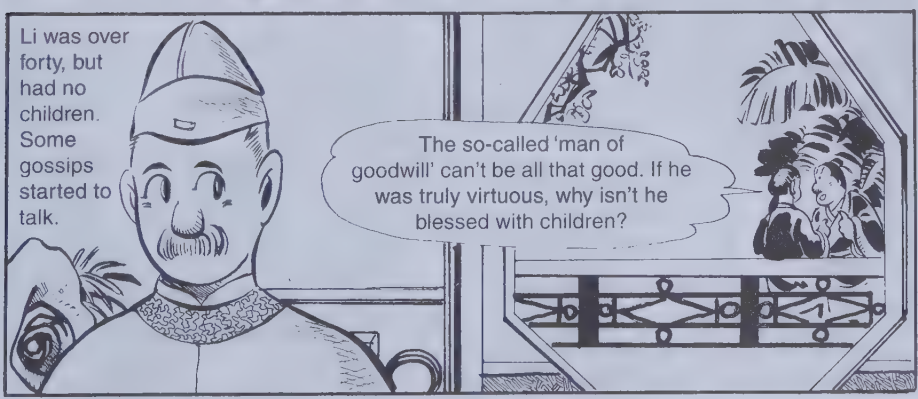

During the Southern Song Dynasty, there lived a military governor named Li Maochun.

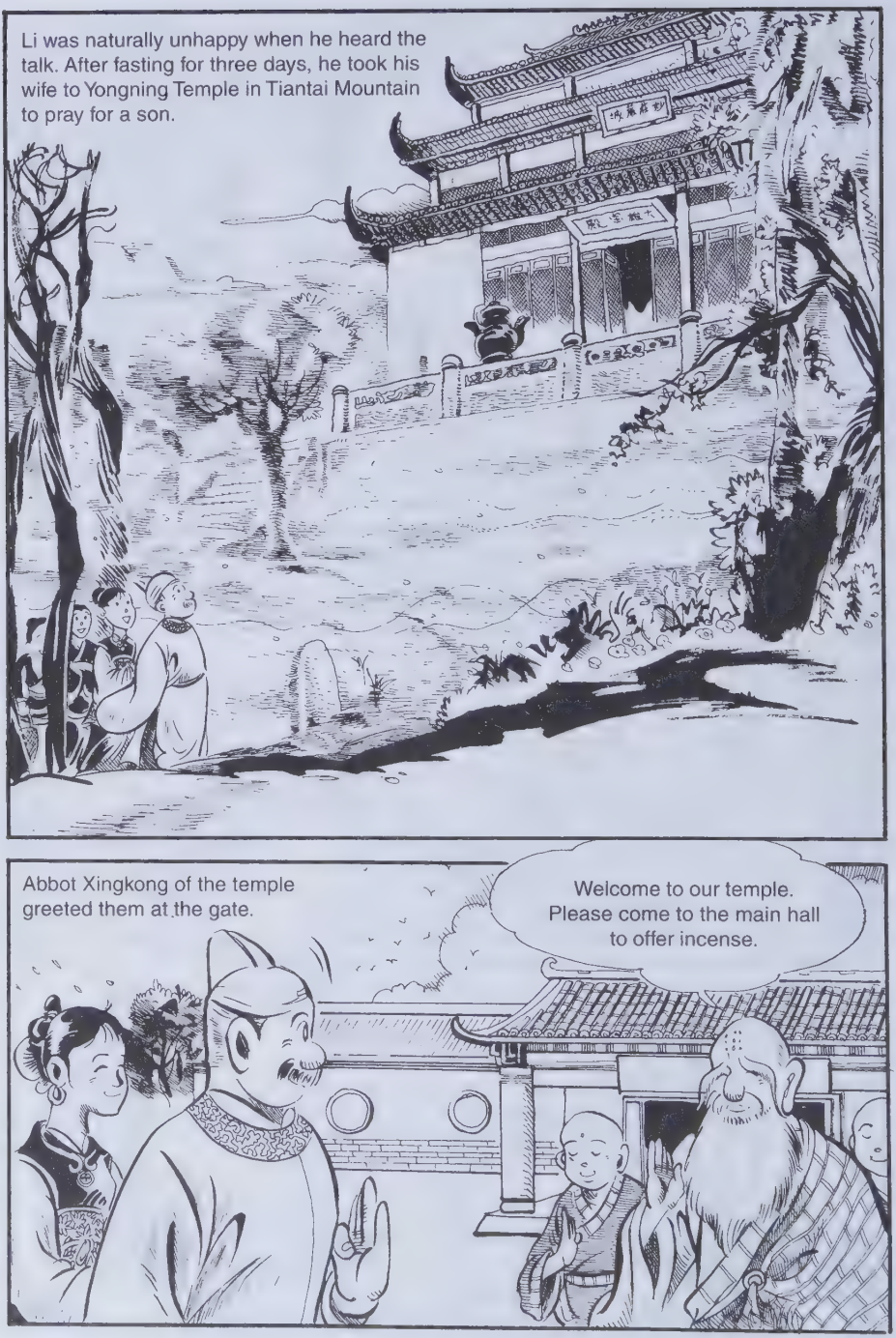

He was a kind-hearted man, who often helped poor people.

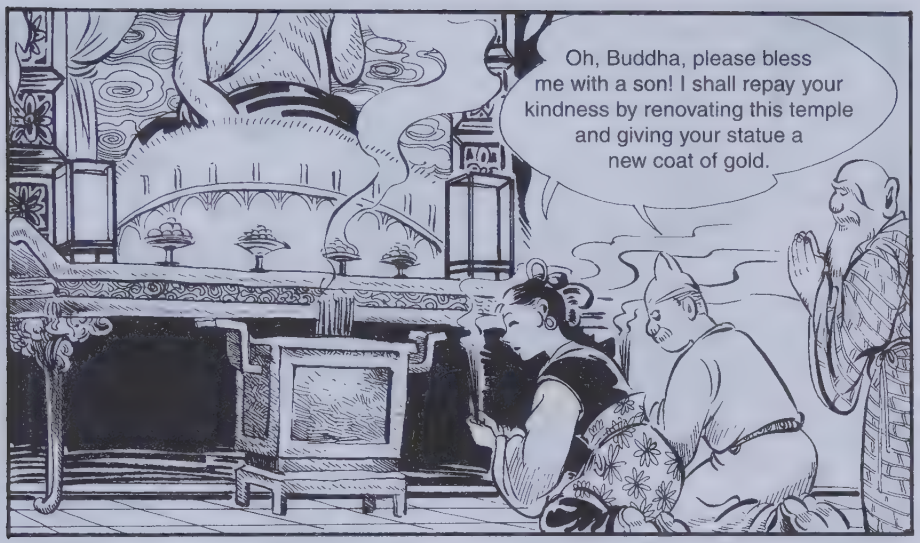

Li was dismissed from office because he was not strict enough in commanding his troops.

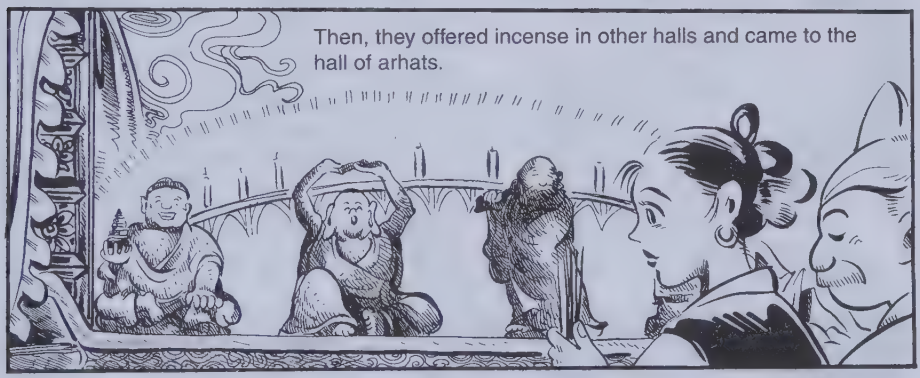

Li returned to his hometown, Tiantai County in Zhejiang Province. Being a rich landlord, he was respectfully addressed as *yuanwai* by the local people.
Yuanwai!

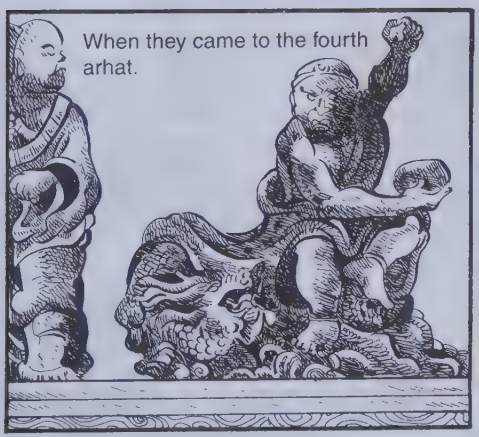

He was a generous man. With his own money he built bridges and roads and helped those in distress. In winter he gave warm clothing to the needy and in summer he gave free medicine to the sick. All his neighbours knew him to be a man of goodwill.


Li was over forty, but had no children. Some gossips started to talk.
The so-called 'man of goodwill' can't be all that good. If he was truly virtuous, why isn't he blessed with children?


Li was naturally unhappy when he heard the talk. After fasting for three days, he took his wife to Yongning Temple in Tiantai Mountain to pray for a son.
Abbot Xingkong of the temple greeted them at the gate.
Welcome to our temple. Please come to the main hall to offer incense.


Oh, Buddha, please bless me with a son! I shall repay your kindness by renovating this temple and giving your statue a new coat of gold.


Then, they offered incense in other halls and came to the hall of arhats.

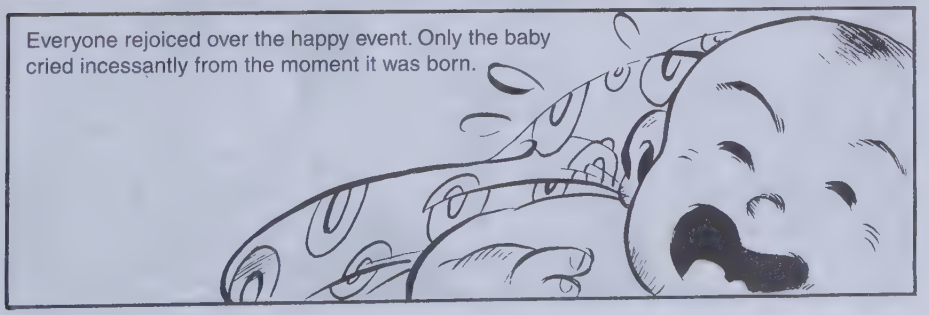

When they came to the fourth arhat.

Clonk!

The statue fell off its lotus seat.
Good, good!
Your honour is sure to
have a son.
A few months
later ...

On the second night of the second lunar month of the third year in the reign of Emperor Guang, the Li residence was enshrouded in a pink glow and the air was filled with an unusual fragrance.

Everyone rejoiced over the happy event. Only the baby cried incessantly from the moment it was born.



Two days later, Abbot Xingkong came with presents to offer his congratulations.
Mmm, this must be the house.
Whaaa!
Congratulations, Squire Li.
Strangely enough, the baby broke into a smile as soon as he saw the abbot.
Laugh not, you little one. I know where you come from.

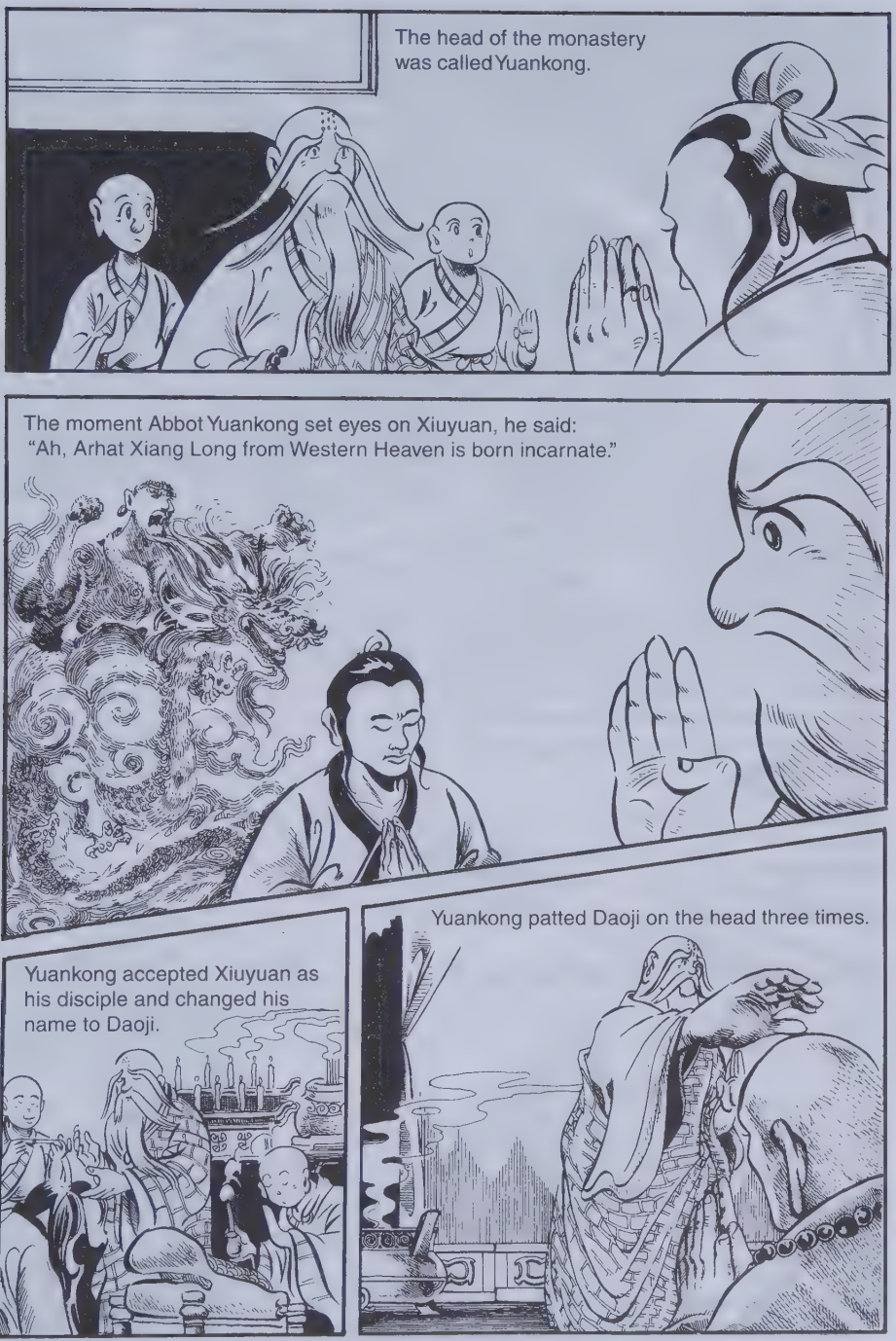
It looks as if there is a bond between you and my son. I'd like you to name him.
Blessed by the Buddha of eternal life, let him be called Xiuyuan.
The abbot accepted the baby as a nominal disciple of his, and named him Xiuyuan.
Soon, Xiuyuan was seven years old.
The boy doesn't talk much, nor does he play with other children in the village. But he shows an unusual talent in learning. He'll grow up to be a useful person.
Xiuyuan, indeed, became an outstanding scholar.

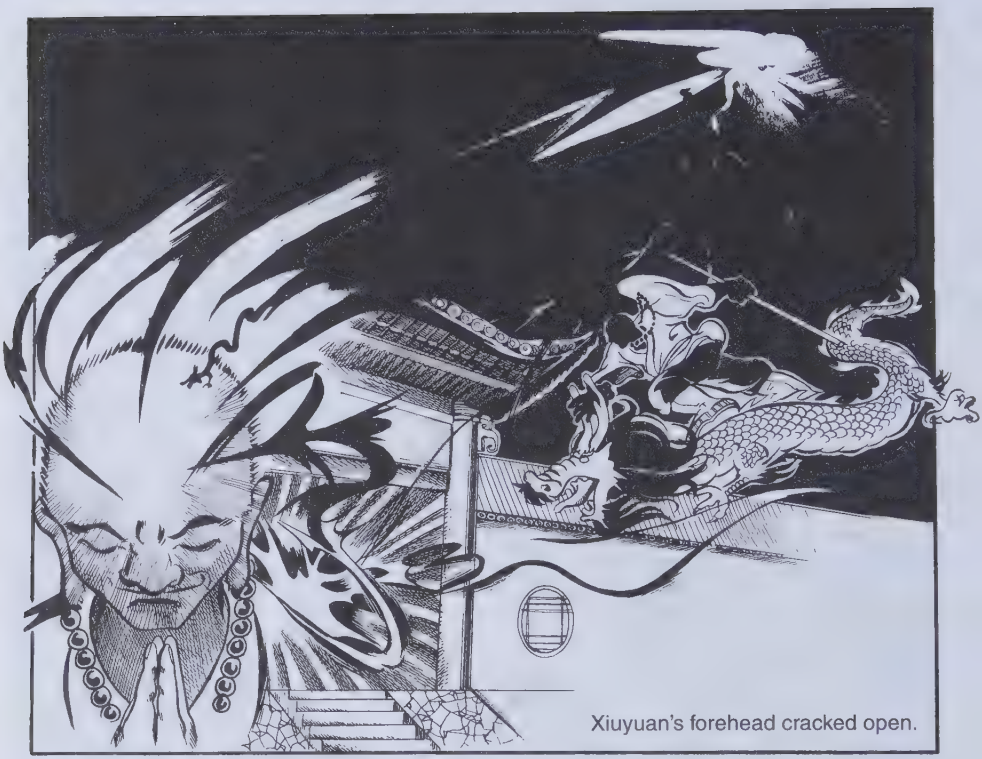
He had intended to take the imperial examination, but, unfortunately, both his parents died and he had to live with his uncle.

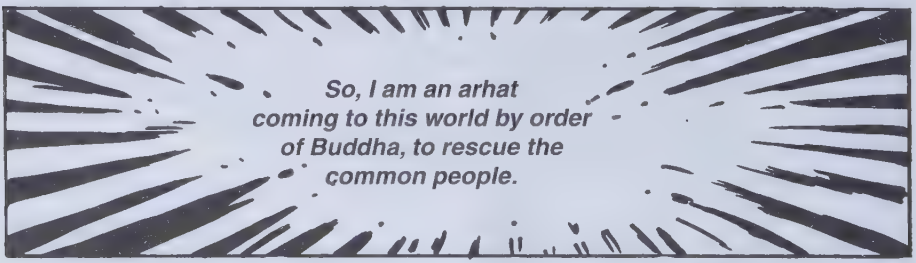
During the period of mourning, Xiuyuan studied Buddhist classics.

Then, he left his uncle's home and started to travel around the country. When he arrived at Hangzhou, all his money had been spent.

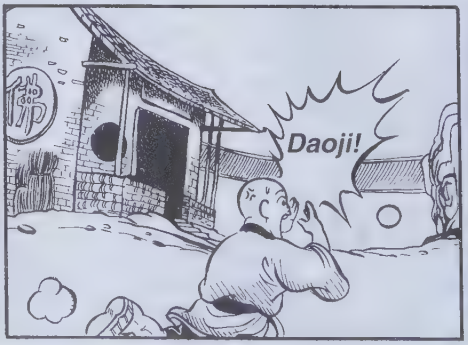
He decided to become a monk and came to Lingyin Temple by the West Lake.


The head of the monastery was called Yuankong.
The moment Abbot Yuankong set eyes on Xiuyuan, he said: "Ah, Arhat Xiang Long from Western Heaven is born incarnate."
Yuankong accepted Xiuyuan as his disciple and changed his name to Daoji.
Yuankong patted Daoji on the head three times.

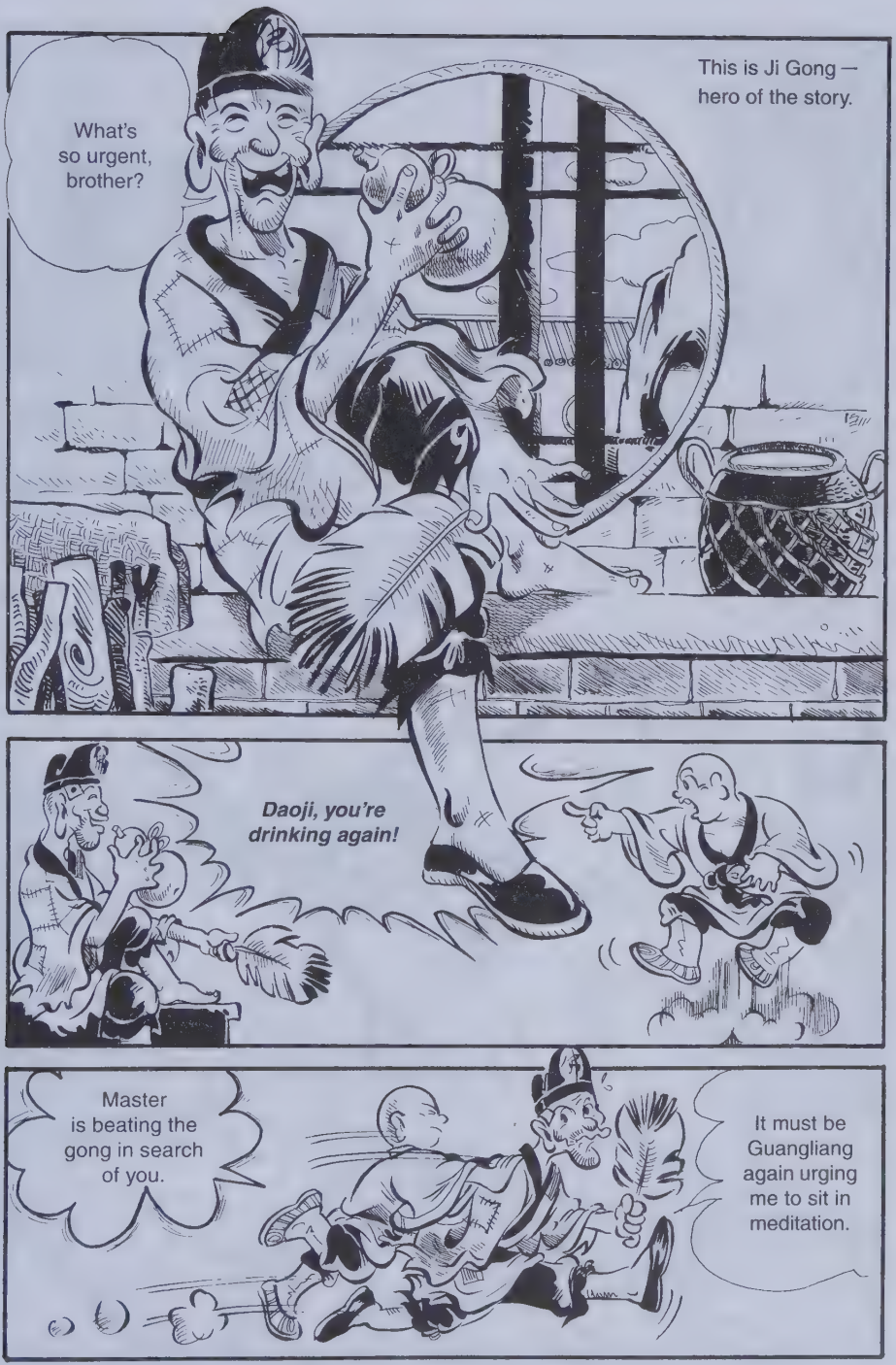

Xiuyuan's forehead cracked open.

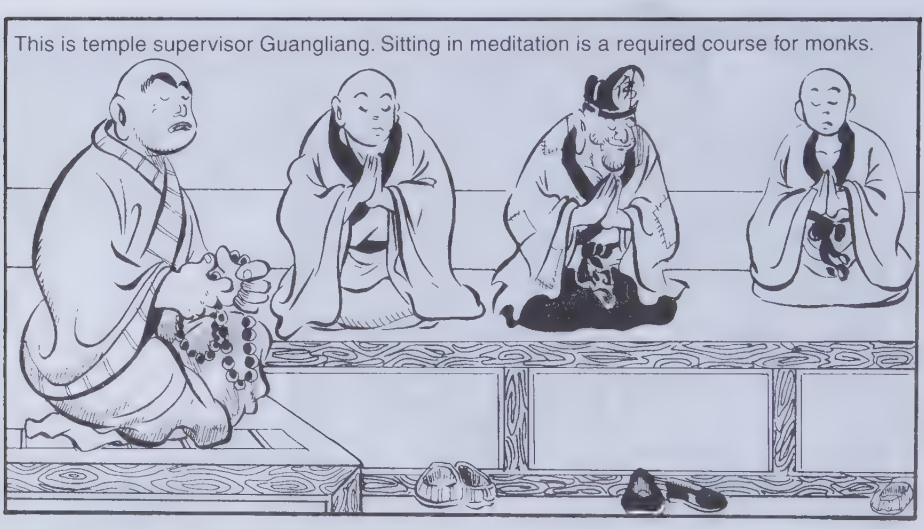

So, I am an arhat coming to this world by order of Buddha, to rescue the common people.

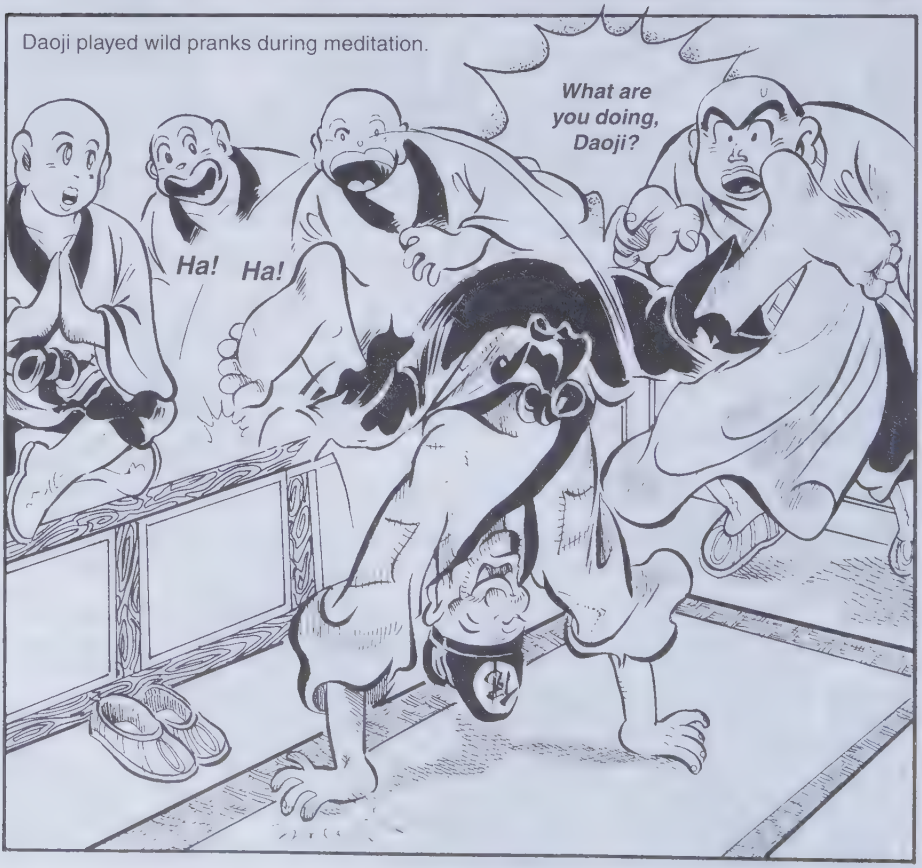
A hut in the back yard of Lingyin Temple.

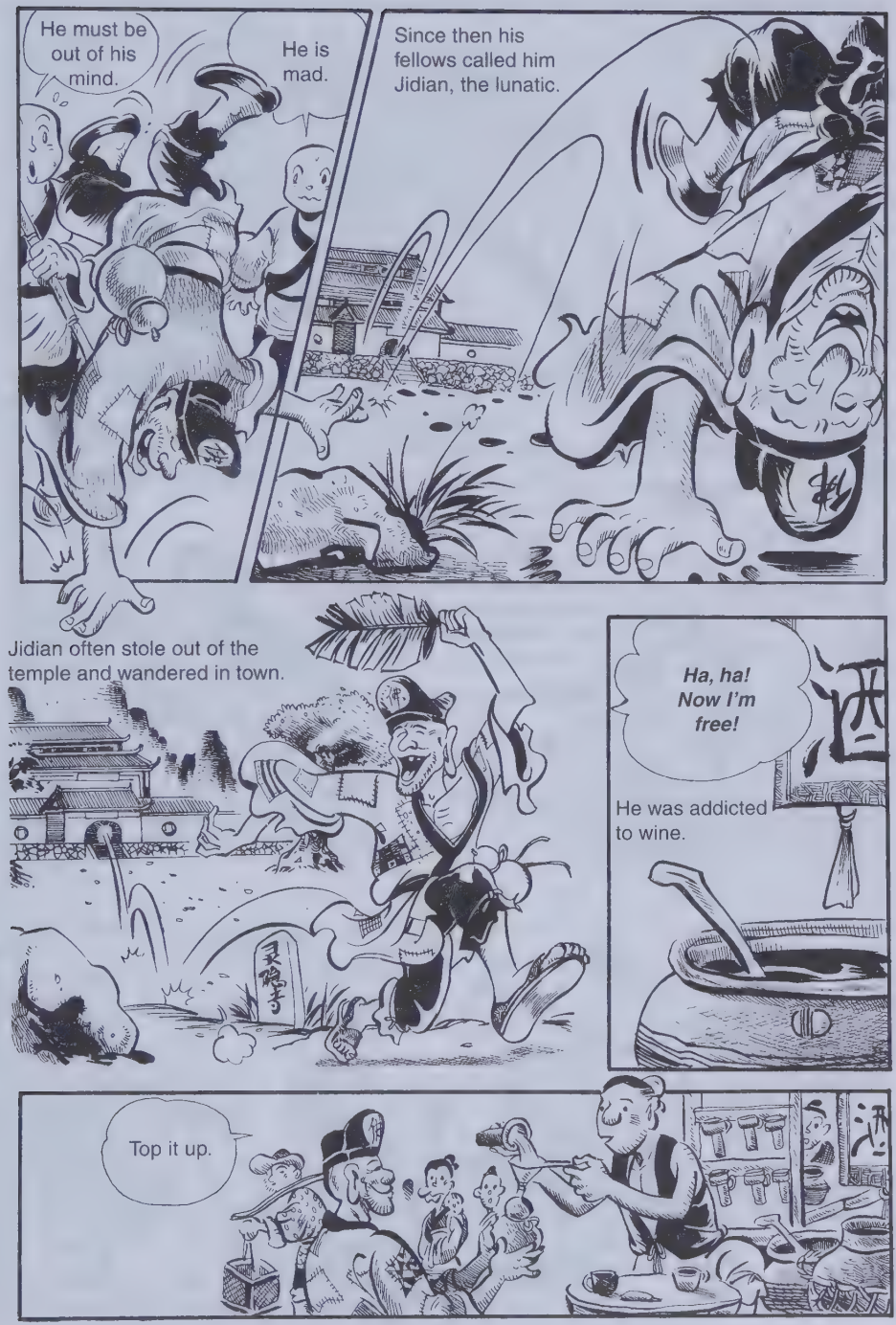

Daoji!

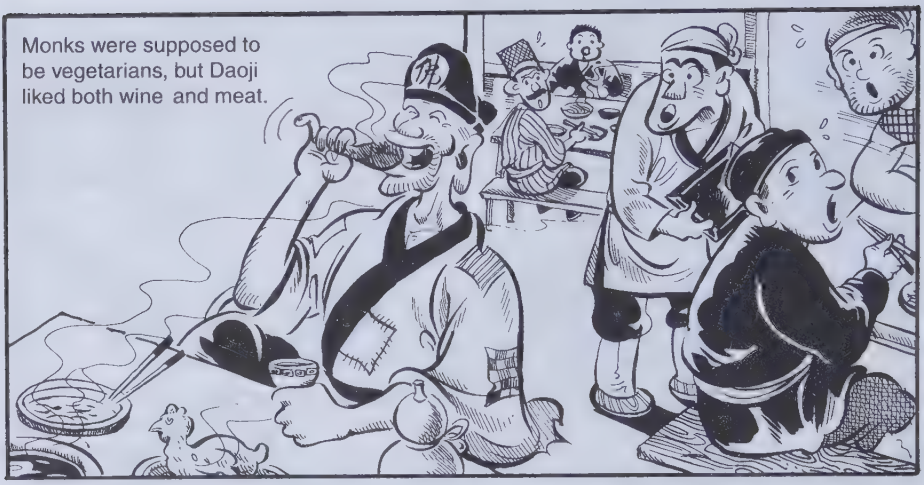
Here!

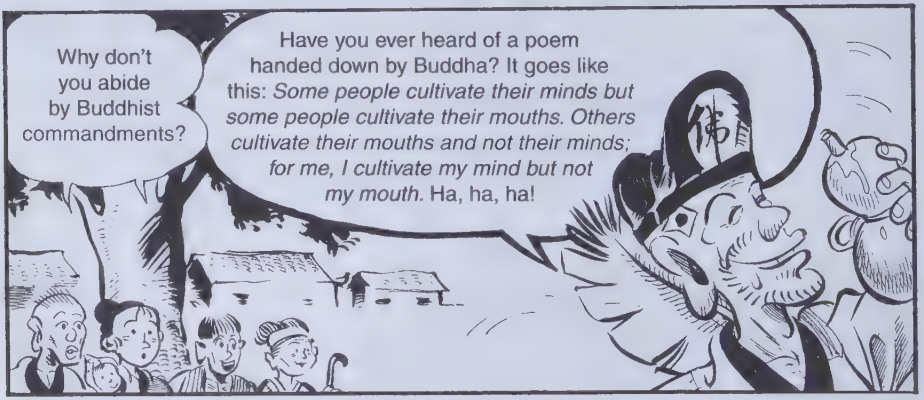

What's so urgent, brother?
This is Ji Gong — hero of the story.
Daoji, you're drinking again!
Master is beating the gong in search of you.
It must be Guangliang again urging me to sit in meditation.


This is temple supervisor Guangliang. Sitting in meditation is a required course for monks.


Daoji played wild pranks during meditation.
What are you doing, Daoji?
Ha!
Ha!

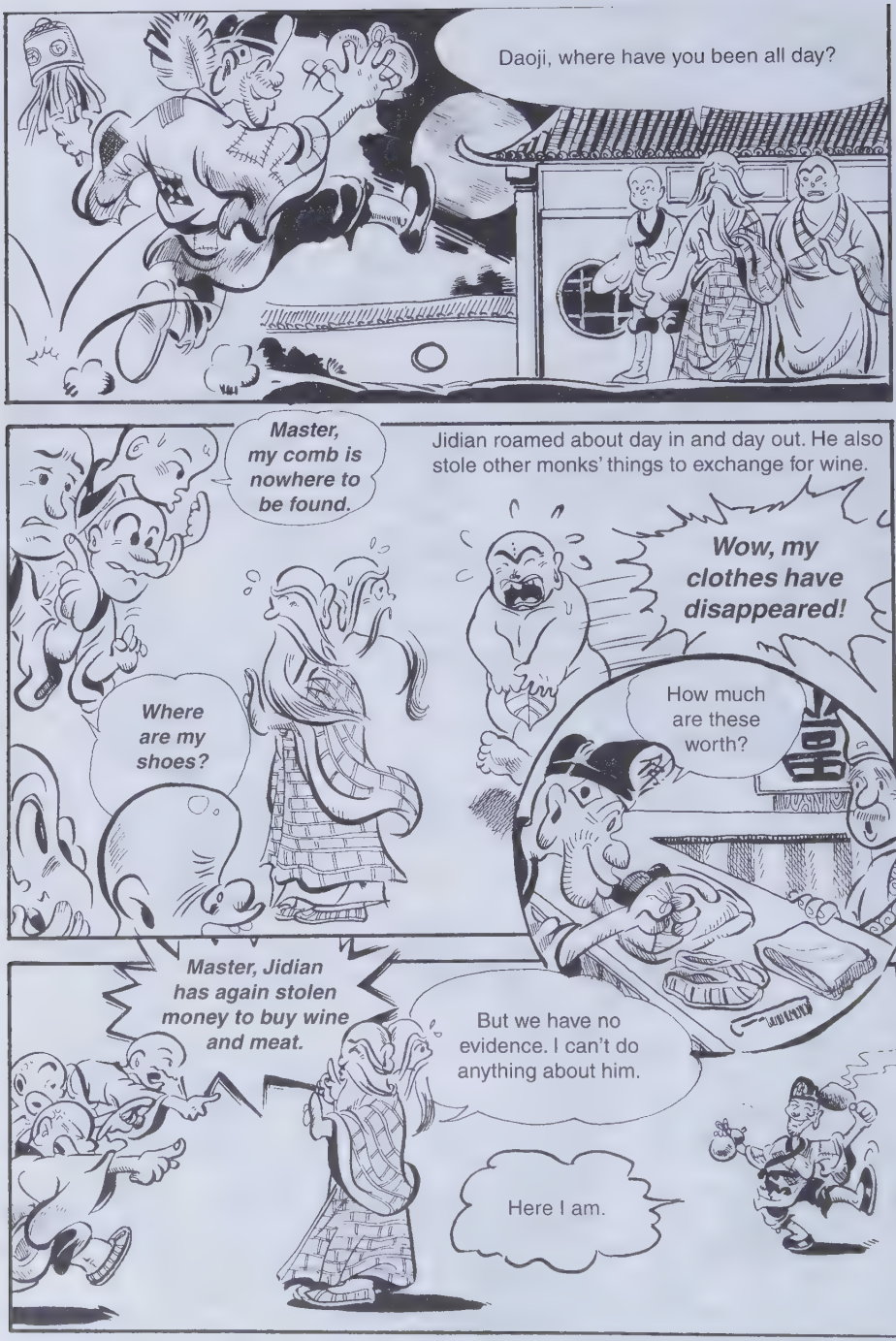

He must be out of his mind.
He is mad.
Since then his fellows called him Jidian, the lunatic.
Jidian often stole out of the temple and wandered in town.
Ha, ha! Now I'm free!
He was addicted to wine.
Top it up.

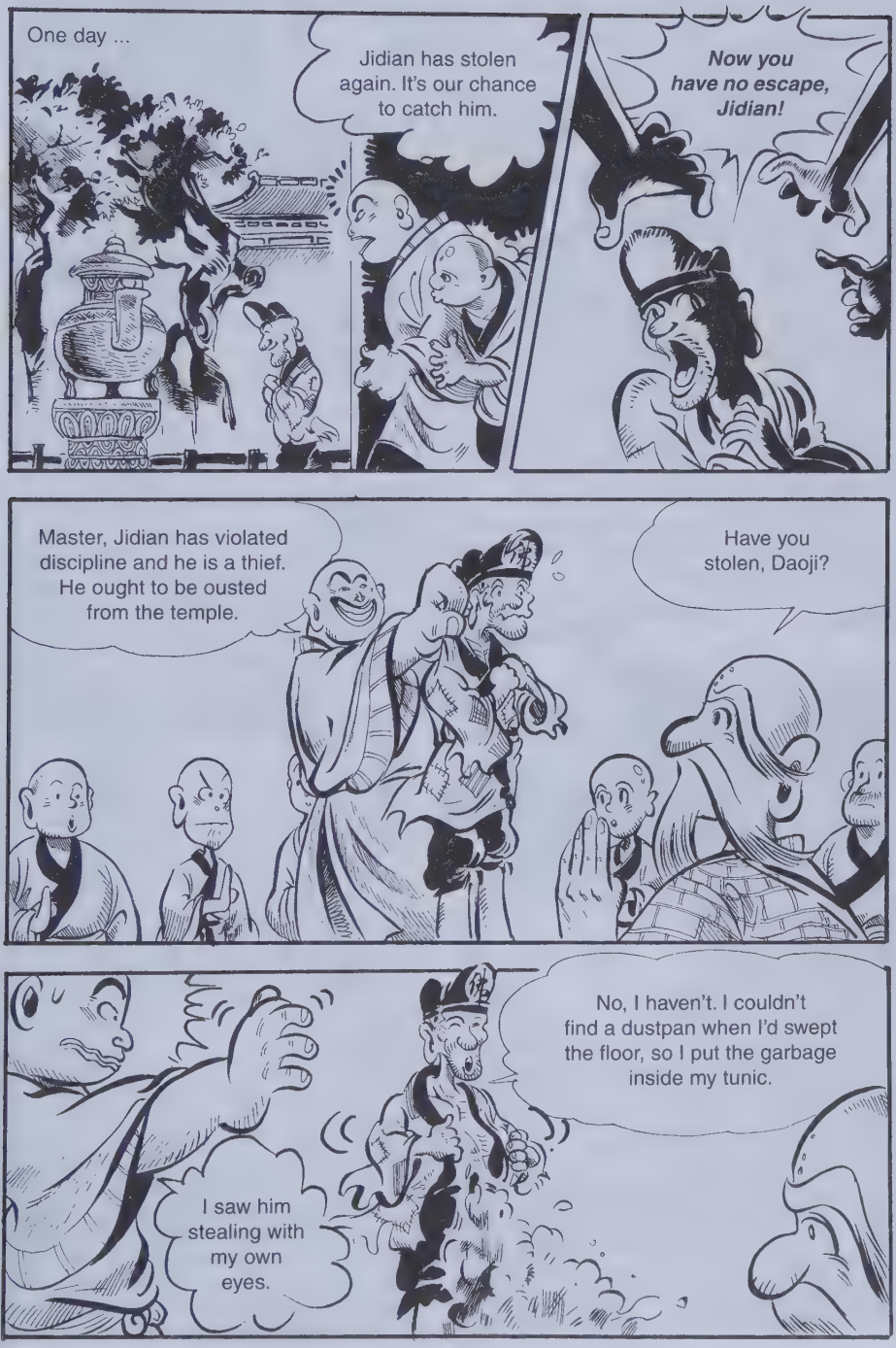

Monks were supposed to be vegetarians, but Daoji liked both wine and meat.


Why don't you abide by Buddhist commandments?
Have you ever heard of a poem handed down by Buddha? It goes like this: *Some people cultivate their minds but some people cultivate their mouths. Others cultivate their mouths and not their minds; for me, I cultivate my mind but not my mouth.* Ha, ha, ha!

HELP!

Thank you very much, Holy Brother.
Jidian liked to help people who were in trouble.
Jidian used magic to put out the fire.
Jidian could also cure diseases.

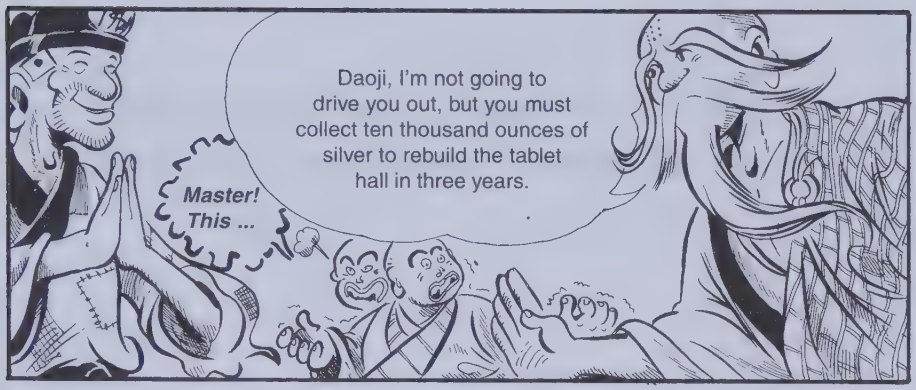

Daoji, where have you been all day?
Jidian roamed about day in and day out. He also stole other monks' things to exchange for wine.
Master, my comb is nowhere to be found.
Where are my shoes?
Wow, my clothes have disappeared!
How much are these worth?
Master, Jidian has again stolen money to buy wine and meat.
But we have no evidence. I can't do anything about him.
Here I am.

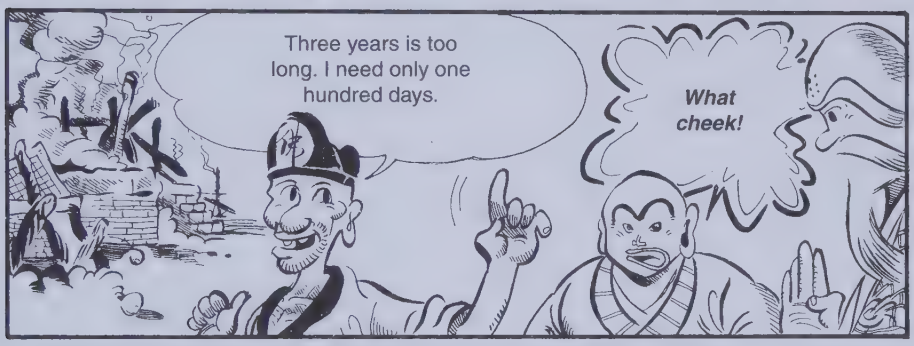

One day ...
Jidian has stolen again. It's our chance to catch him.
Now you have no escape, Jidian!
Master, Jidian has violated discipline and he is a thief. He ought to be ousted from the temple.
Have you stolen, Daoji?
I saw him stealing with my own eyes.
No, I haven't. I couldn't find a dustpan when I'd swept the floor, so I put the garbage inside my tunic.

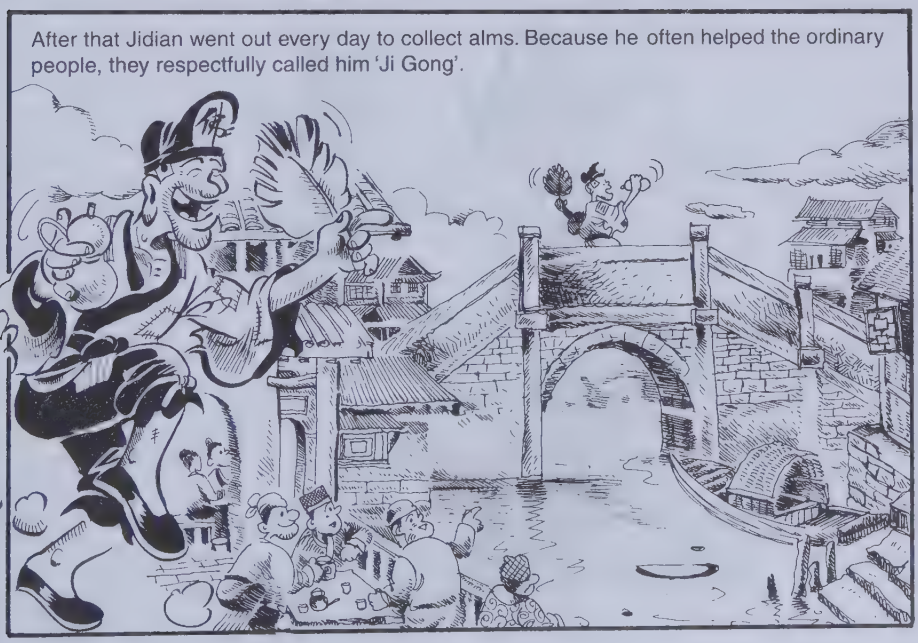
Guangliang, you are to be punished for lodging a false accusation against a brother. Bring the cane!
I'm sorry, brother.
I'll settle scores with him one of these days.
That night Jidian slept in the hall where tablets were kept. Guangliang stole into the hall with a young monk he trusted.

This time the lunatic won't escape from being burned to death.
Quickly!
Aiya, Daoji is still sleeping in there!
Oh, why is it so bright?
Swoosh!

Master!
Daoji!
Daoji left the lamp burning all night and caused the outbreak of the fire. He should be expelled!
What am I to do this time?
Mmm ...


Master! This ...
Daoji, I'm not going to drive you out, but you must collect ten thousand ounces of silver to rebuild the tablet hall in three years.

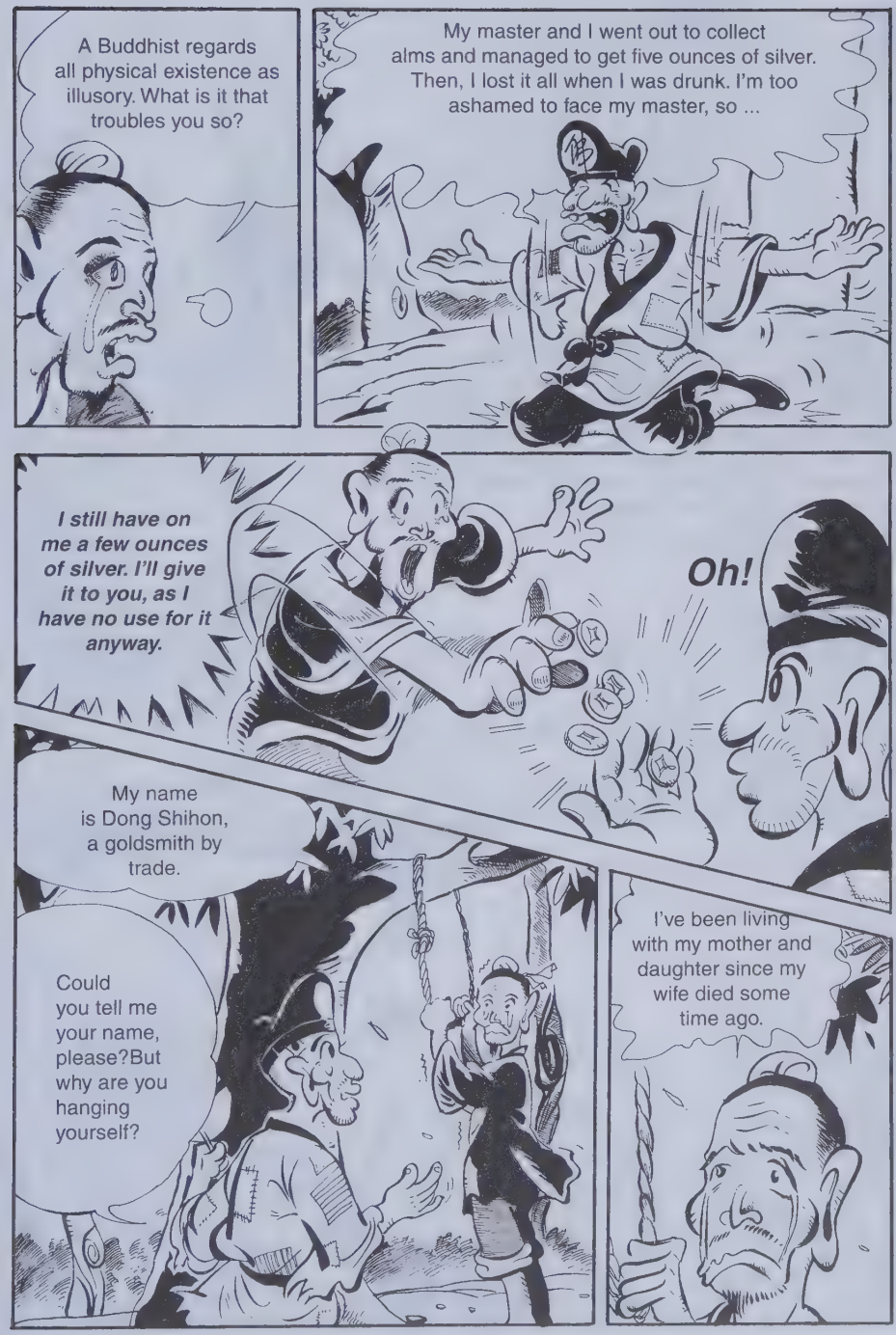

Three years is too long. I need only one hundred days.
What cheek!

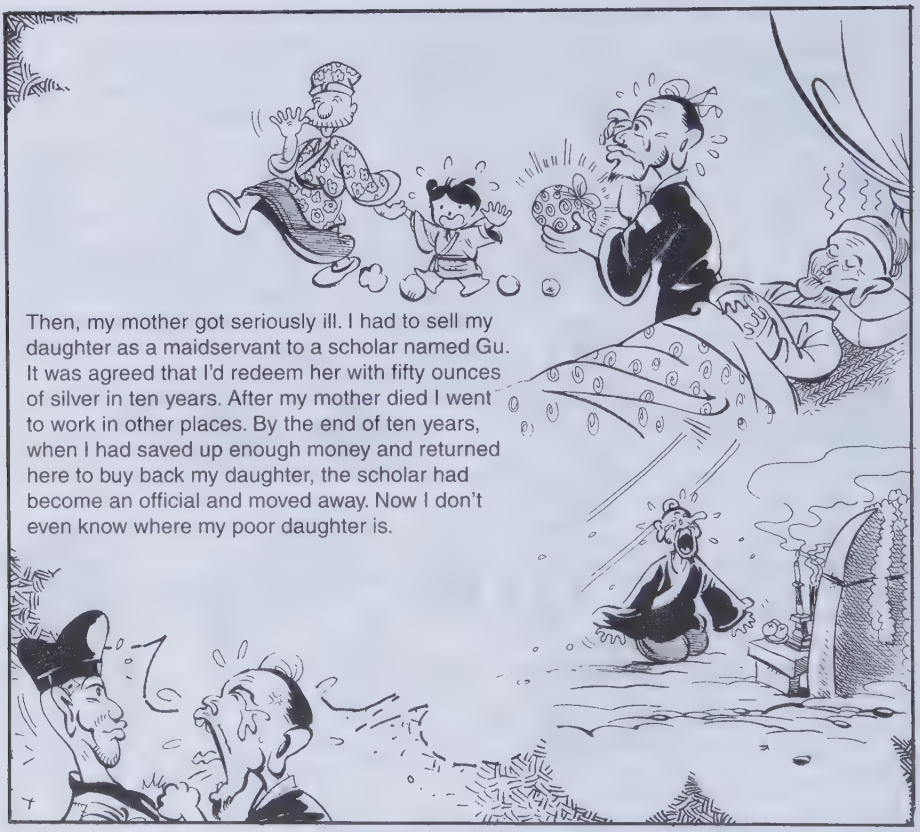

After that Jidian went out every day to collect alms. Because he often helped the ordinary people, they respectfully called him 'Ji Gong'.

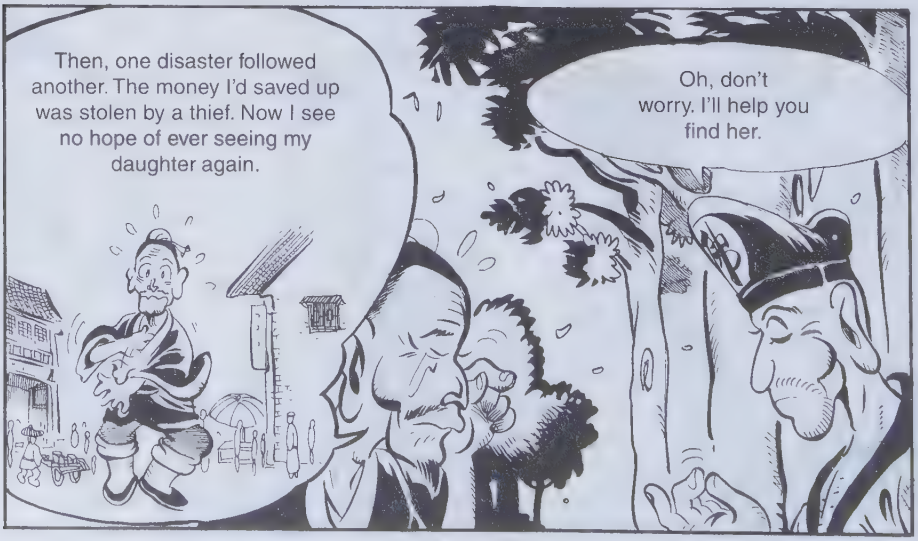
Goldsmith Sells Daughter To Bury Mother; The Monk Comes To Help.

卖女葬亲　和尚相助

Hey, a man is hanging himself. Let me try to bring him to his senses.
I don't want to live any more!
Mmm ...
Oh, let me die! Death will end all my troubles.


A Buddhist regards all physical existence as illusory. What is it that troubles you so?
My master and I went out to collect alms and managed to get five ounces of silver. Then, I lost it all when I was drunk. I'm too ashamed to face my master, so ...
I still have on me a few ounces of silver. I'll give it to you, as I have no use for it anyway.
Oh!
My name is Dong Shihon, a goldsmith by trade.
Could you tell me your name, please?But why are you hanging yourself?
I've been living with my mother and daughter since my wife died some time ago.


Then, my mother got seriously ill. I had to sell my daughter as a maidservant to a scholar named Gu. It was agreed that I'd redeem her with fifty ounces of silver in ten years. After my mother died I went to work in other places. By the end of ten years, when I had saved up enough money and returned here to buy back my daughter, the scholar had become an official and moved away. Now I don't even know where my poor daughter is.


Then, one disaster followed another. The money I'd saved up was stolen by a thief. Now I see no hope of ever seeing my daughter again.
Oh, don't worry. I'll help you find her.

Can you really help me find my daughter?
Sure. Come with me.
Wait here.
When someone comes out to ask you your age and birthday, just tell him.
All right.

Clouck!
I learned that the mistress of your house is ill, and I am here to treat her.
I'm sorry but my master has already sent for Dr. Li Huaichun. They're now in her chamber.
Oh, no, no! You mustn't ...
It doesn't matter. I'll just have a look.

Your Honour, it's nothing serious. Your mother's windpipe is blocked by phlegm. Once the phlegm is removed, she'll be all right.
But, ...
She is advanced in age and extremely weak. It's hard to find the right prescription. Maybe you ought to find another doctor.
Dr. Li, please recommend a good doctor to save my mother's life.
There's a Dr. Wang in this town, but I'm afraid he's unable to cure a disease that I cannot cure.
I can do it!

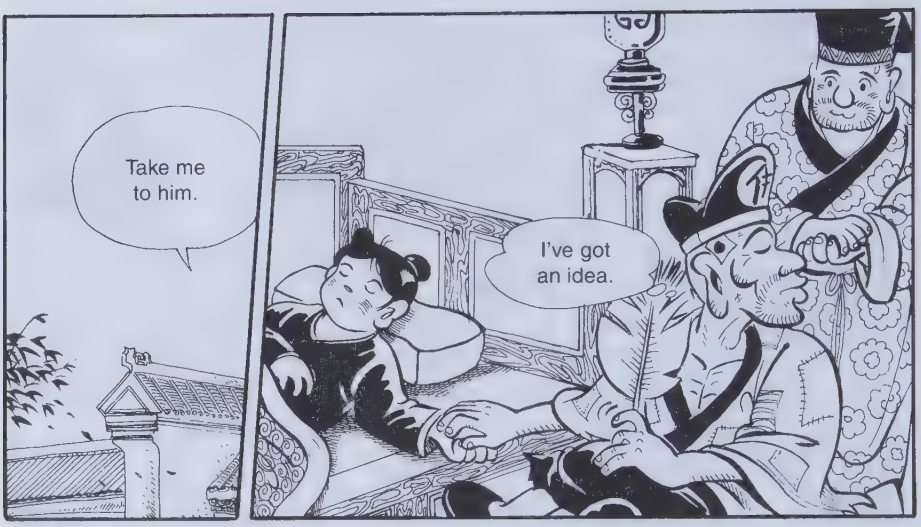
So, you are the famous Doctor Li Huaichun.
Yes, can I help you?
I'd like to consult you about a drug. Can you tell me what illness a *mantou* just out of the steamer can cure?
Hi! Hi!
Ha! Ha!
I'm sorry, it's not recorded in the pharmacopoeia.

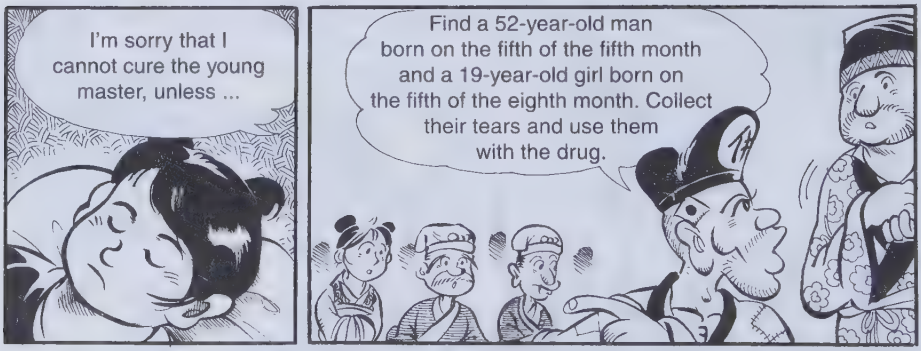
* a Chinese steamed bun

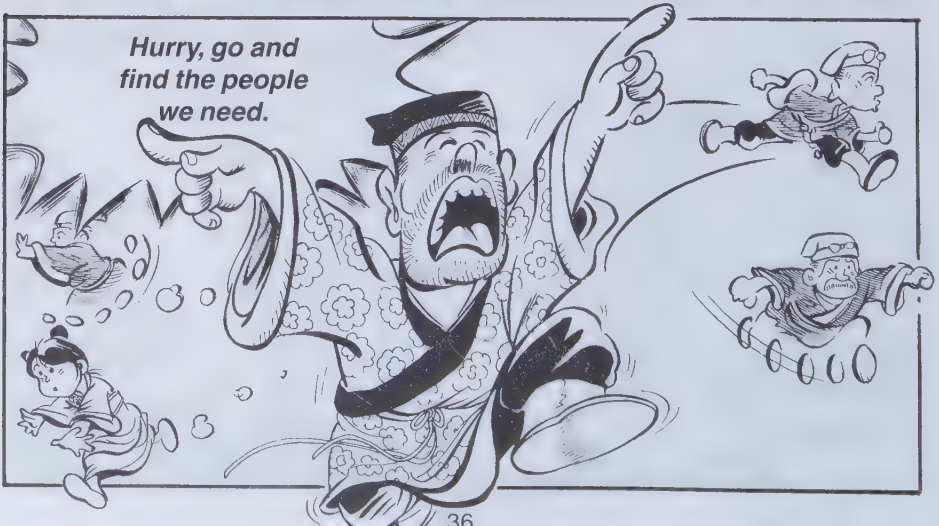
It cures hunger. You consider yourself a famous doctor, but you don't even know that?
Let me try, Your Honour. Maybe I can cure the old lady.
Please go ahead, Holy Brother.
Oh, phlegm. Oh, phlegm, come out!
Eek!
Oh, phlegm, if you don't come out, the old lady will be in trouble!
Let me get some medicine for her.
?
? ? ?

Go!
Drink some water, Madam.
It still hasn't come out? Do come out, please.
Mum!
Cough!

Oh, I can breathe easily now!
Mother, Mother, you're cured!
The phlegm is out!
佛
Here's another pill. Dissolve it in water and have the old lady drink it tomorrow.
Thank you ever so much, Holy Brother.
Miraculous!
I have one more request, Holy Brother. My son has been ill for some time. Will you please treat him, too?

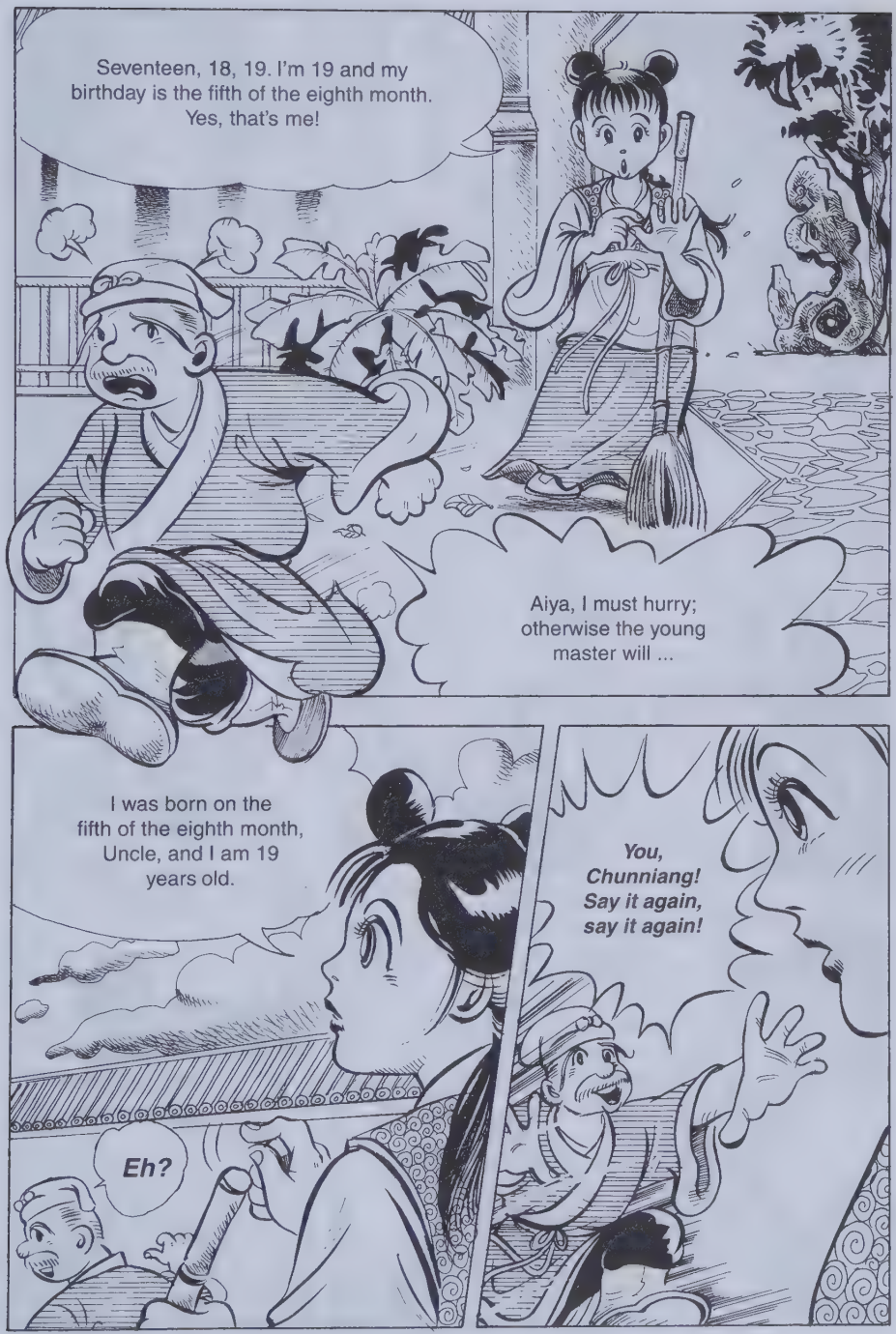

Take me to him.
I've got an idea.


I'm sorry that I cannot cure the young master, unless ...
Find a 52-year-old man born on the fifth of the fifth month and a 19-year-old girl born on the fifth of the eighth month. Collect their tears and use them with the drug.


Hurry, go and find the people we need.

Is there any one here who's 52 years old and born on the fifth of the fifth month?
That's me!
I'm the person you're looking for.
Wonderful!
I'm 19, but I wasn't born on the fifth of the eighth month.

I was born on the fifth of the eighth month, but I'm not 19.
My Lord, where am I to find such a girl. I'm exhausted.
Mmm, born on the fifth of the eighth month and aged 19.
It seems to be me.


Seventeen, 18, 19. I'm 19 and my birthday is the fifth of the eighth month. Yes, that's me!
Aiya, I must hurry; otherwise the young master will ...
I was born on the fifth of the eighth month, Uncle, and I am 19 years old.
Eh?
You, Chunniang! Say it again, say it again!

This way, please.
Did you want me, Holy Brother?
No, not me. It's this gentleman.
I need you, Uncle, to help cure my son.
I've found the girl, Your Honour. Her name is Chunniang.
Eh!

Chunniang, my daughter, I've finally found you!
Dad, you have come at long last!
Hurry up, get a bowl!
Oh, Dad, how I have missed you!
I can hardly express my happiness!

All right, have a good cry and we'll have more tears.
Even I am moved to tears.
This water is precious.
Come on, drink this. Your illness will be gone.
Huh?
Granny, Granny, I'm hungry.
Good Lord!

Granny, come and have something to eat with me.
This is a little something to show my gratitude.
All right, I'll do that.
Take this silver and give it to ...
Granny, let's go to town and buy some goodies.
Your Honour, my daughter and I will never forget your kindness to us.

Thank you, Holy Brother, you are our saviour.
I hope you'll live a happy life from now on.
Goodbye. Be kind to your neighbours.

Crickets Fight A Cock; Evil Justly Punished

蟋蟀斗鸡　恶有恶报

Zhang's Carpenter Shop
Xiao Wang, I'm going to the residence of Prime Minister Luo to work on a job.
Zhang Yu, an honest and skilled carpenter, is the owner of the shop.

Zhang Yu entered the compound by a back door.
Hello, Master Zhang, what's your job today?
I'm repairing some chairs.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Prime Minister Luo was the richest man in that town.
This way, please.
Charge, charge!
Bravo!

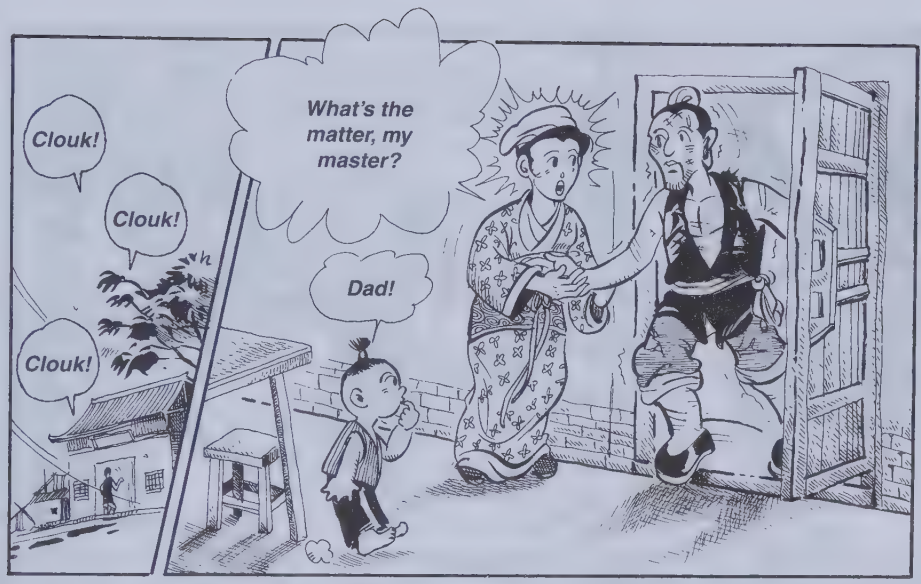
The prime minister had a son called Luo Xun, who was a disreputable character.

Jingang Wang* has won again!
Luo Xun liked to gamble in cricket fight.
I paid five hundred ounces of silver for the cricket Jingang Wang. It has turned out to be a treasure.
Take good care of it. It's making a lot money for me.
I'll leave it here.
A moment later ...

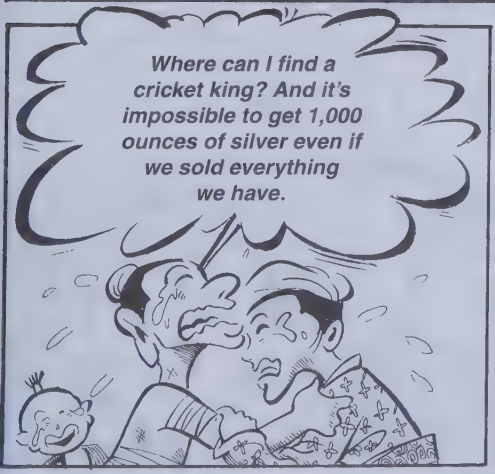
* Literally, the cricket king.

Zhang Yu came into the room.
Zhang turned around, and ...
Zhirr! Zhirr!
Argh!
Zhirr!
Dear me! Where's young master's precious cricket?
Oh, it's disastrous! The carpenter has let loose your cricket.
What?

How dare you! Tie him up and flog him two hundred beats.
Beat him harder!
He'll soon die, Young Master, if we go on beating him.
Why not give him three days ...
If he fails to bring Jingang Wang back, you can impose a fine on him. Is that all right?
O.K. I'll allow you three days. If you come to see me without the cricket king or 1,000 ounces of silver, I won't be easy on you.

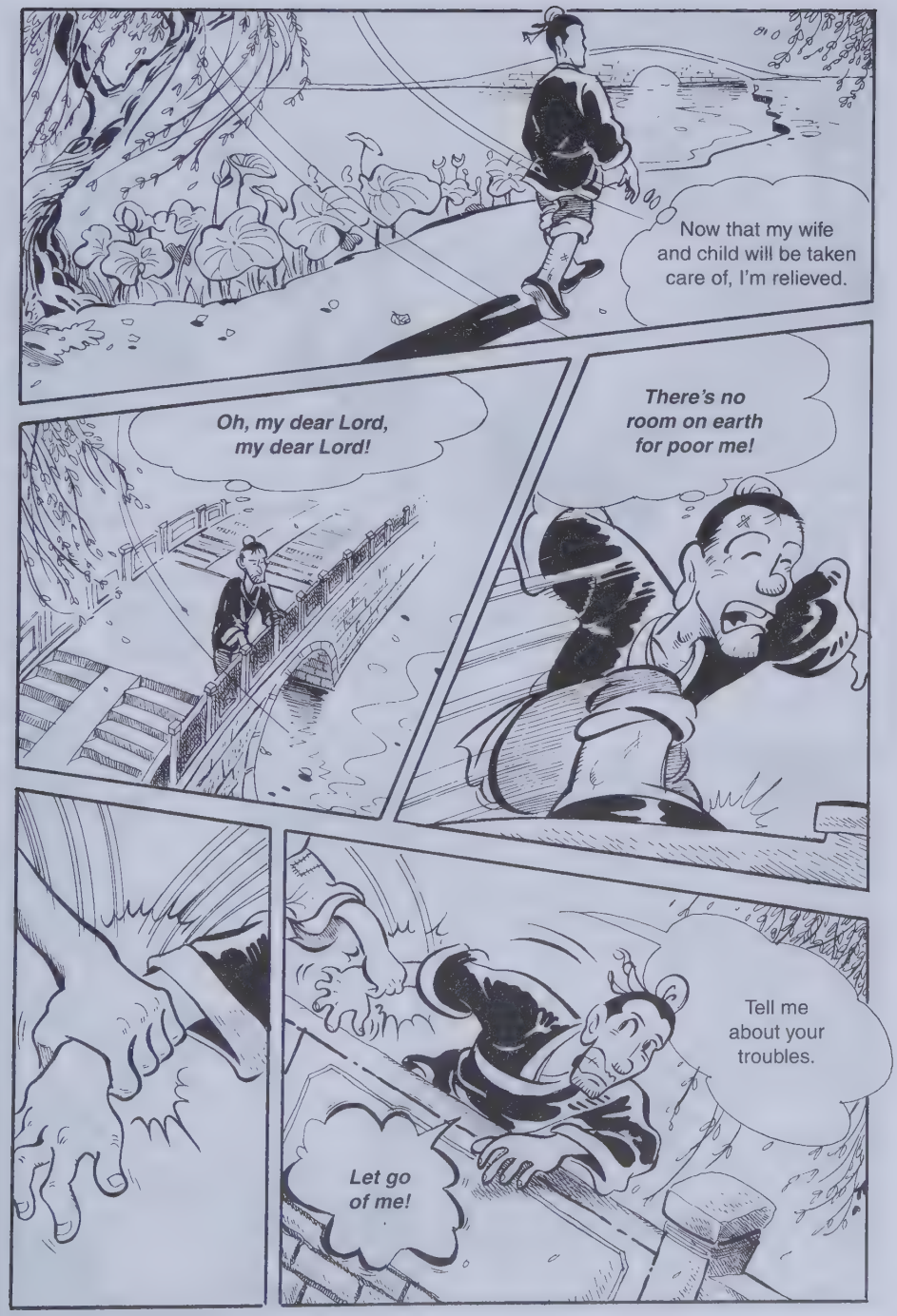

Clouk!
Clouk!
Clouk!
What's the matter, my master?
Dad!

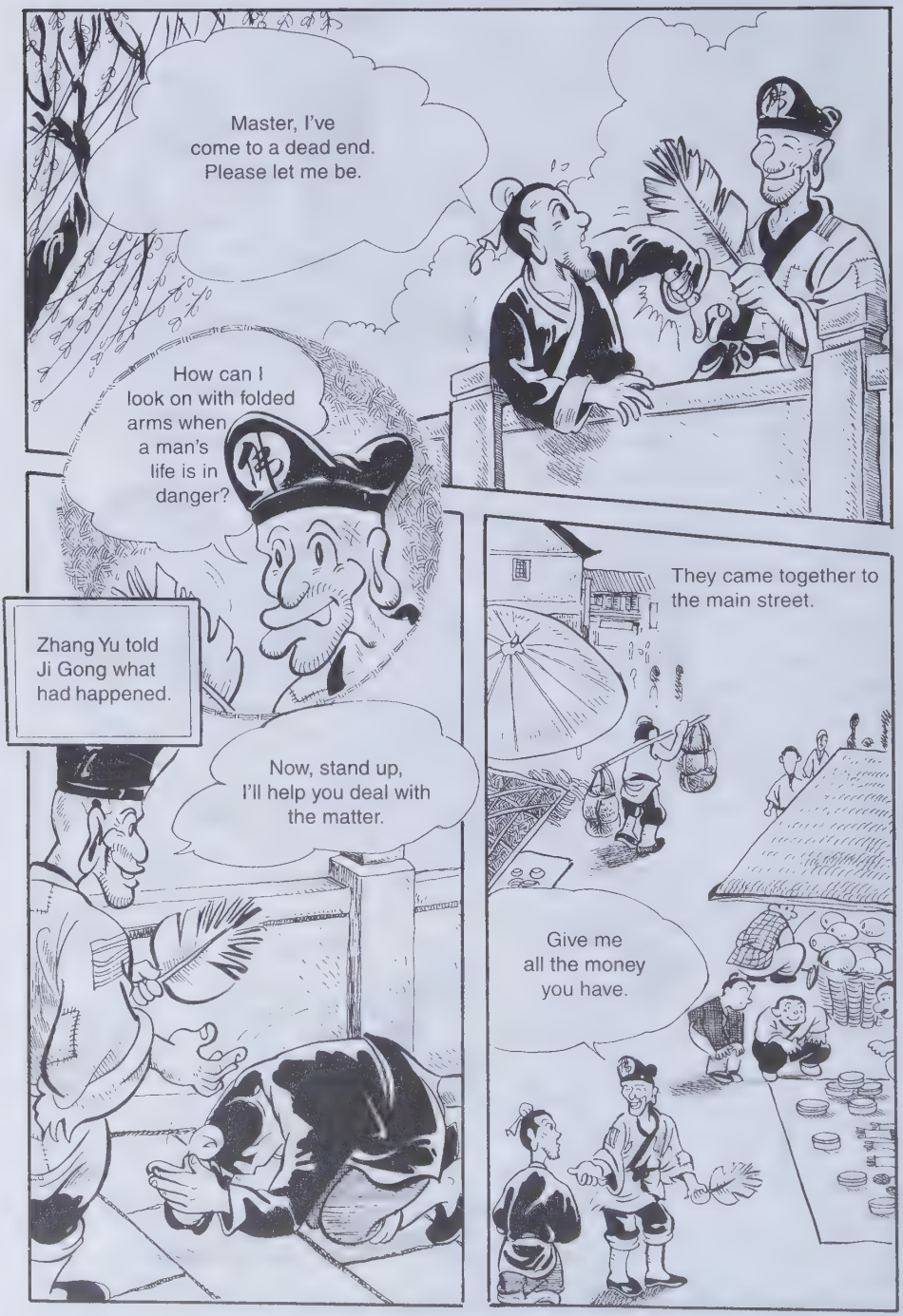
Zhang Yu told his wife what had happened.

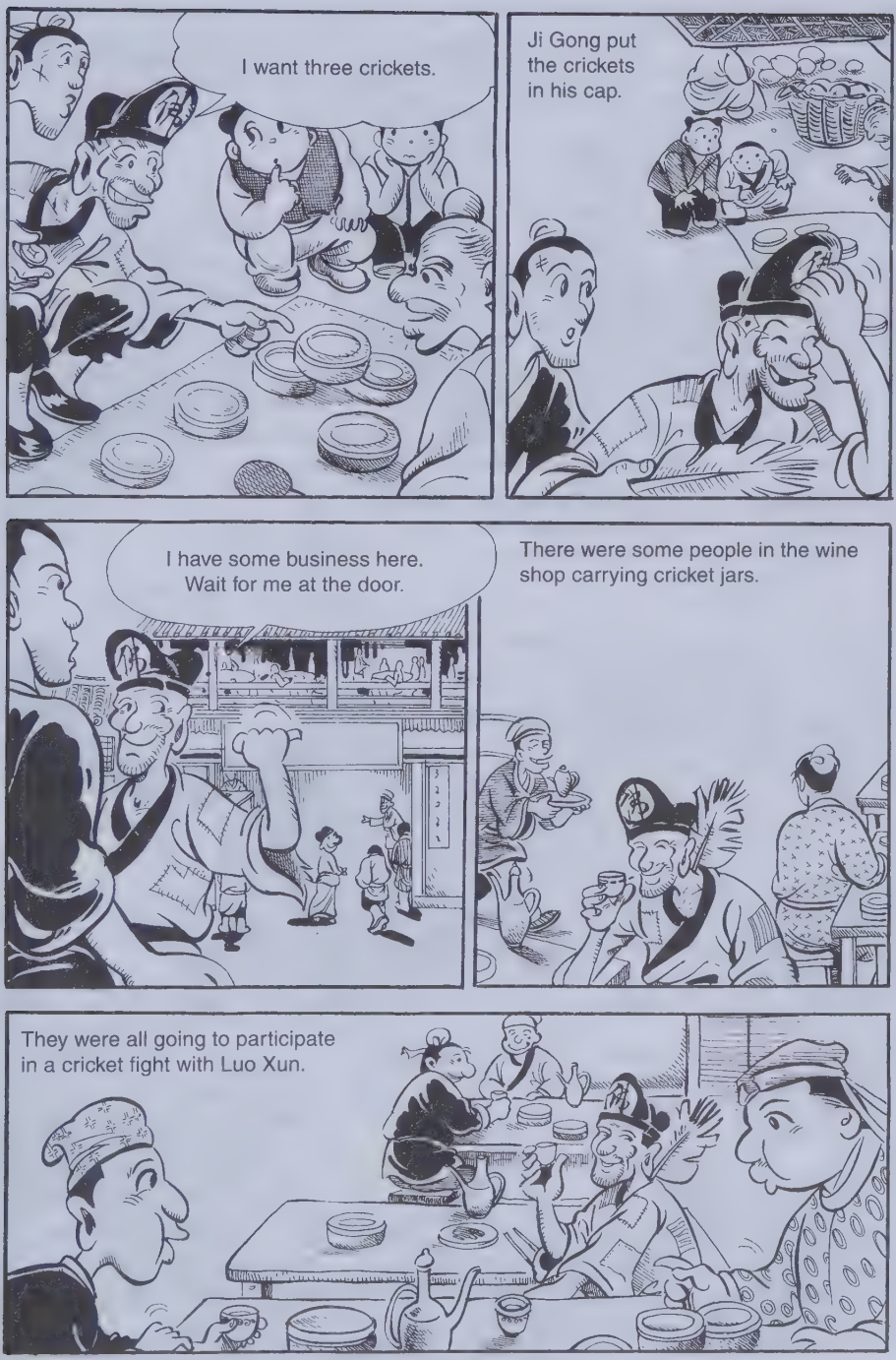

Where can I find a cricket king? And it's impossible to get 1,000 ounces of silver even if we sold everything we have.

Oh, what are we to do?

I thought you'd gone to work in Prime Minister Luo's house. Why do you look so wretched?
Let's have a drink together. I have something to discuss with you.
I'm thinking of going on a long trip.
I'll let you run my shop and keep all the money you earn, but I'll count on you to take care of my family while I'm gone.
All right, I agree.

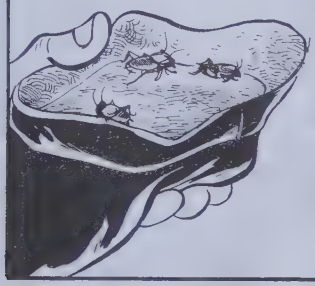

Now that my wife and child will be taken care of, I'm relieved.
Oh, my dear Lord, my dear Lord!
There's no room on earth for poor me!
Tell me about your troubles.
Let go of me!


Master, I've come to a dead end. Please let me be.
How can I look on with folded arms when a man's life is in danger?
Zhang Yu told Ji Gong what had happened.
Now, stand up, I'll help you deal with the matter.
They came together to the main street.
Give me all the money you have.


I want three crickets.
Ji Gong put the crickets in his cap.
I have some business here. Wait for me at the door.
There were some people in the wine shop carrying cricket jars.
They were all going to participate in a cricket fight with Luo Xun.

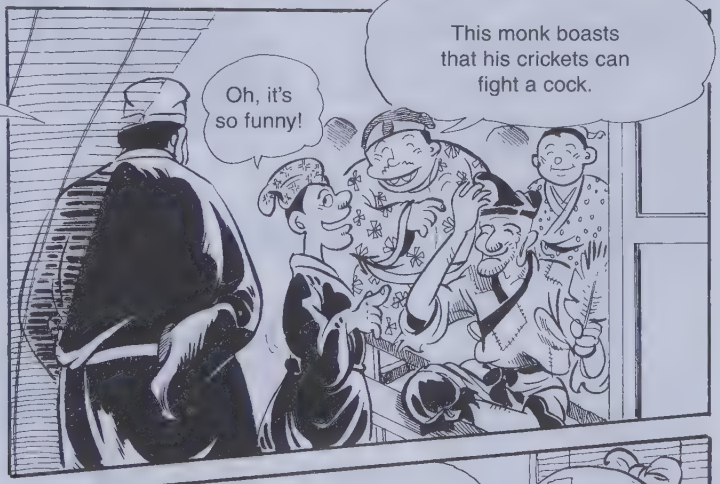
The sound is loud and clear.
Zhirr!
The monk must have got some unusual crickets.
Hey, Brother, you have crickets too?
Sure. I have three cricket kings. They are very special.
How special are they?
They can fight a cock.
Crickets fighting a cock!?
You're not kidding? Let's have a look.

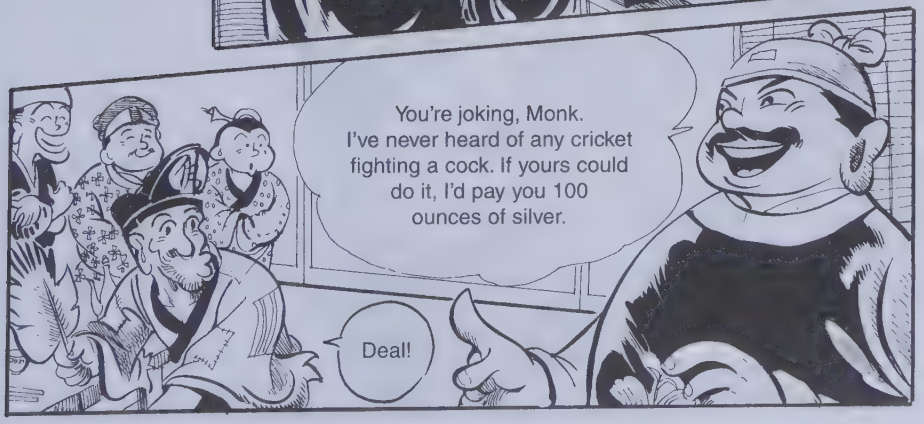
The crickets turned out to be tiny and skinny, not at all impressive looking.

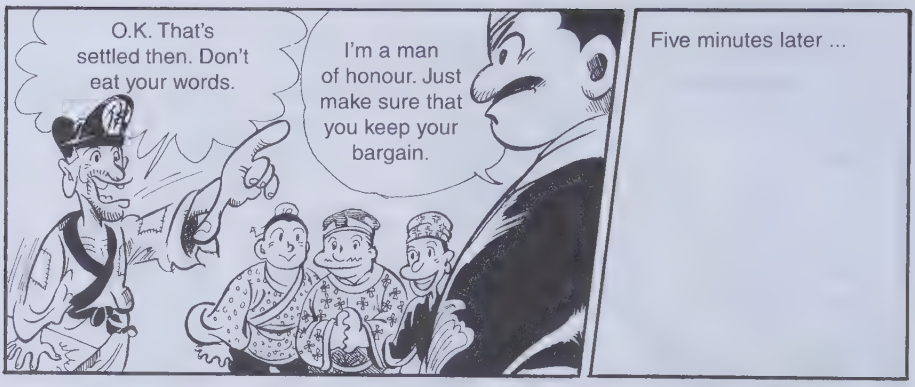


What's the fun?

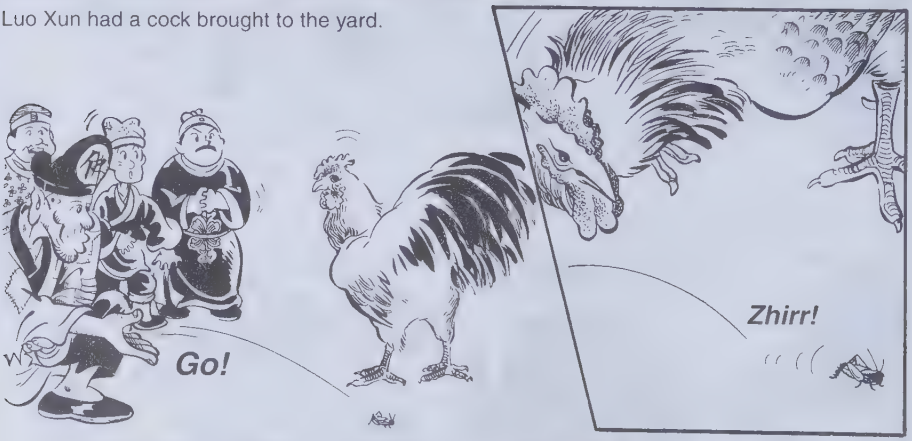
Just then Luo Xun walked in.







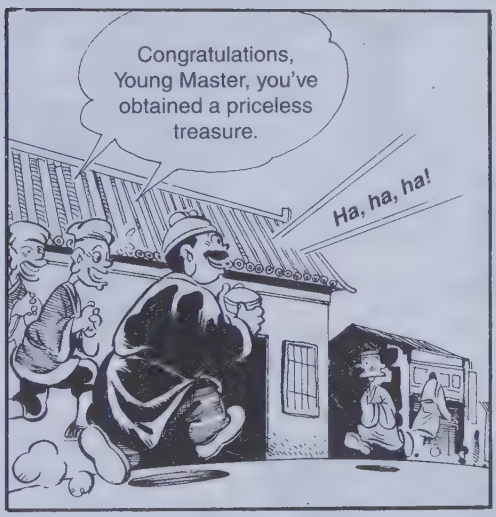
Luo Xun had a cock brought to the yard.

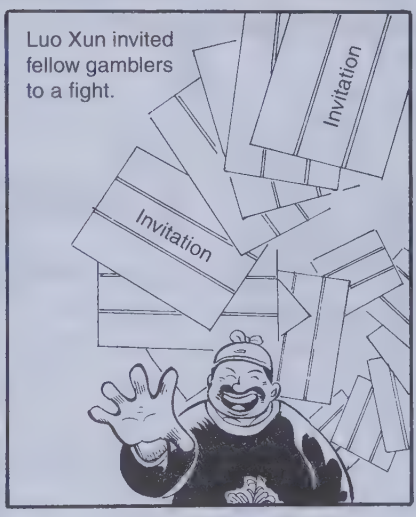


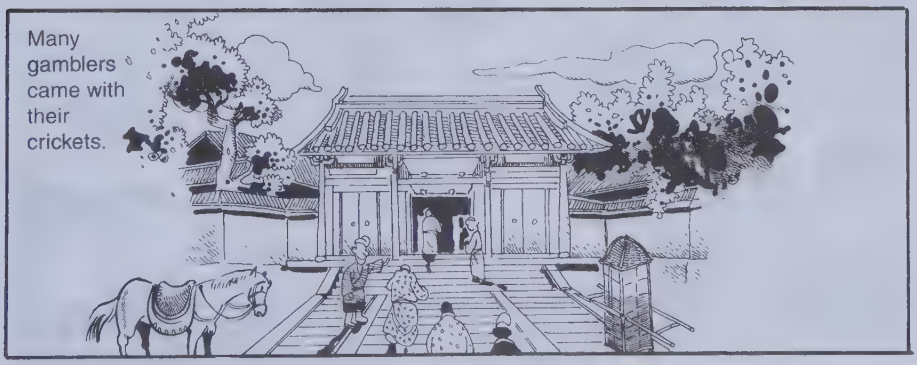
Zhirr!
What's wrong with the cock?
Chrrouk!
Chrrouk!
Monk, sell your crickets to me.

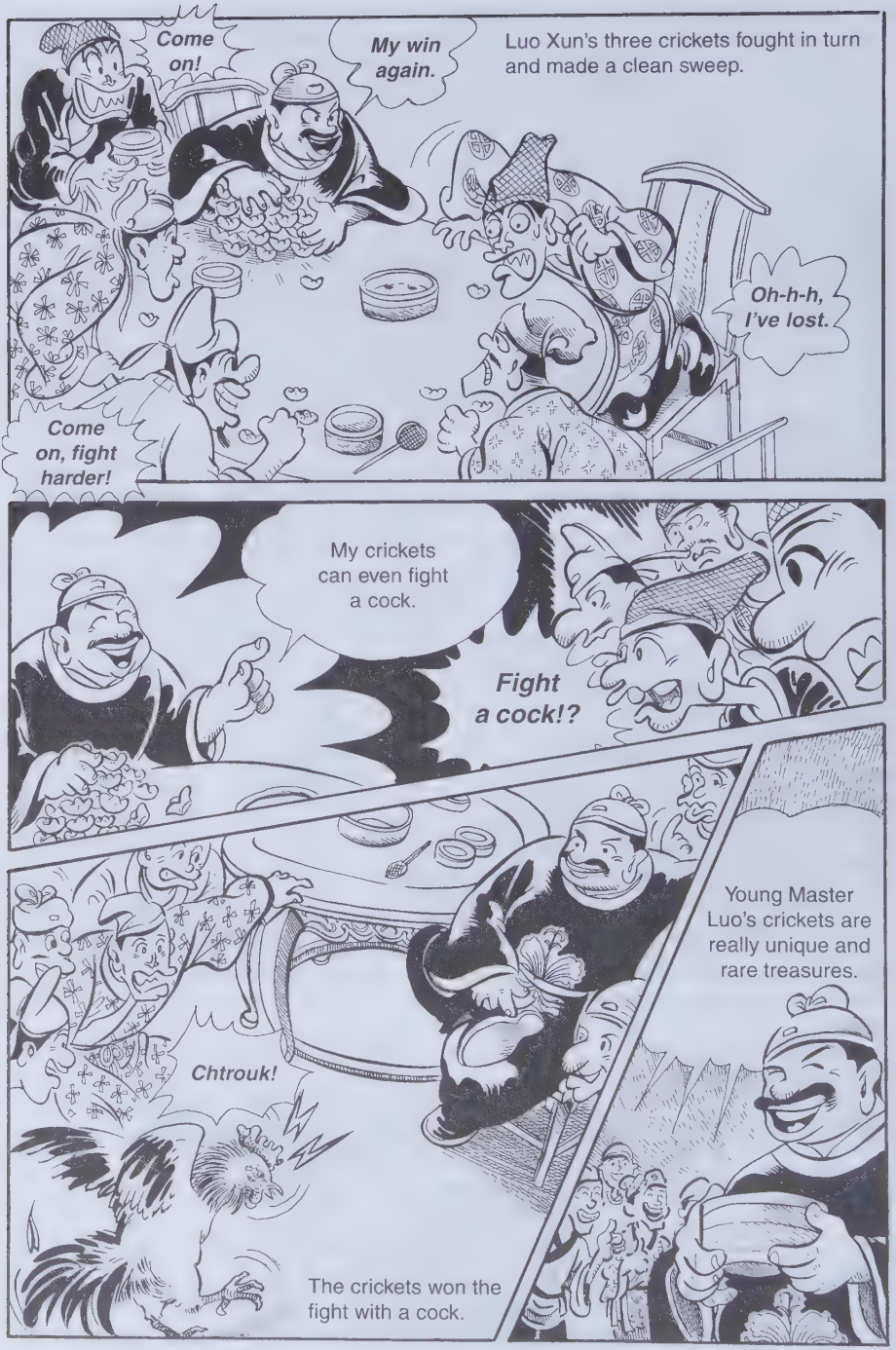
No, I'm not selling. They're going to earn me loads of silver.
Don't refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit.
All right, then. This one is to make good for the cricket Carpenter Zhang inadvertently set free. Don't pester him any more.
Agreed.
Pay me 2,000 ounces of silver for the other two. Donate 1,000 of it to the Lingyin Temple.
All right.

You are my benefactor, Brother.
Don't mention it. Here's 1,000 ounces of silver for you. From now on you're free of trouble.


Congratulations, Young Master, you've obtained a priceless treasure.
Ha, ha, ha!


Luo Xun invited fellow gamblers to a fight.
Invitation
Invitation

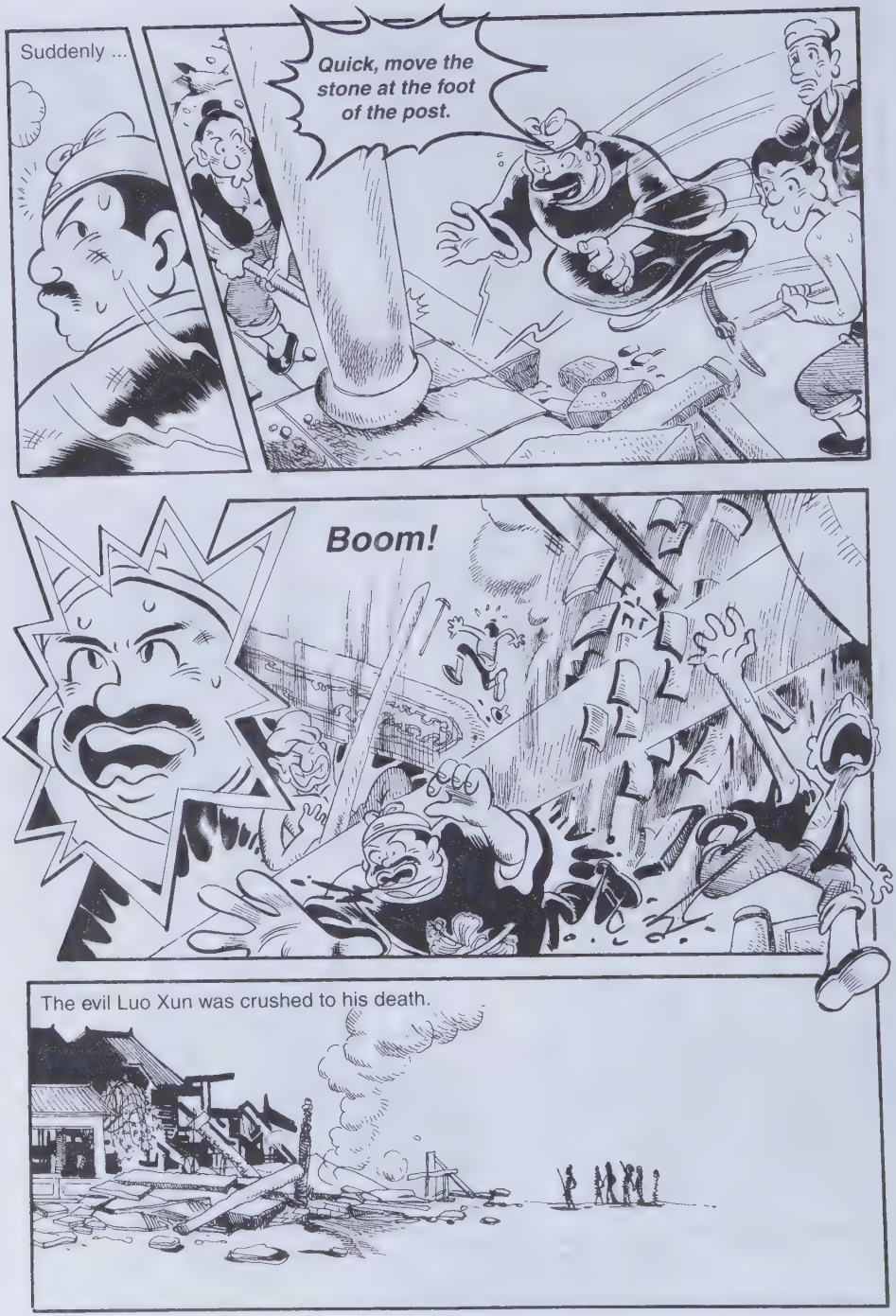

Many gamblers came with their crickets.


Come on!
My win again.
Luo Xun's three crickets fought in turn and made a clean sweep.
Oh-h-h, I've lost.
Come on, fight harder!
My crickets can even fight a cock.
Fight a cock!?
Young Master Luo's crickets are really unique and rare treasures.
Chtrouk!
The crickets won the fight with a cock.

After the fight ...
This time I'll make sure that I don't lose them.
Good heavens!
Help!
Quick, find the crickets for me!
The servants searched everywhere in the room, but the crickets were not found.

Zhirr, zhirr, zhirr ...
A cricket is here.
Zhirr!
What's the matter?
It just wouldn't come out.
Pull down the wall immediately, you fool!
Ohh?!
The wall was torn down.
Damn it!
It's not here.

Zhirr, zhirr, zhirr ...
It's over there. Dig it out!
Nope!
Do you see it?
There aren't any crickets here.
More than 10 rooms were torn down one after another.

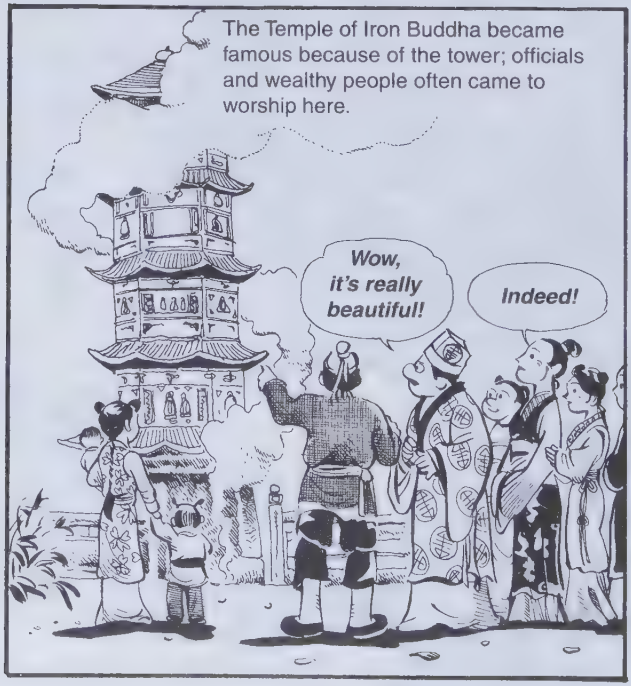

Suddenly ...
Quick, move the stone at the foot of the post.
Boom!
The evil Luo Xun was crushed to his death.

A Boa Spirit Overpowered; An Evil Monk Punished

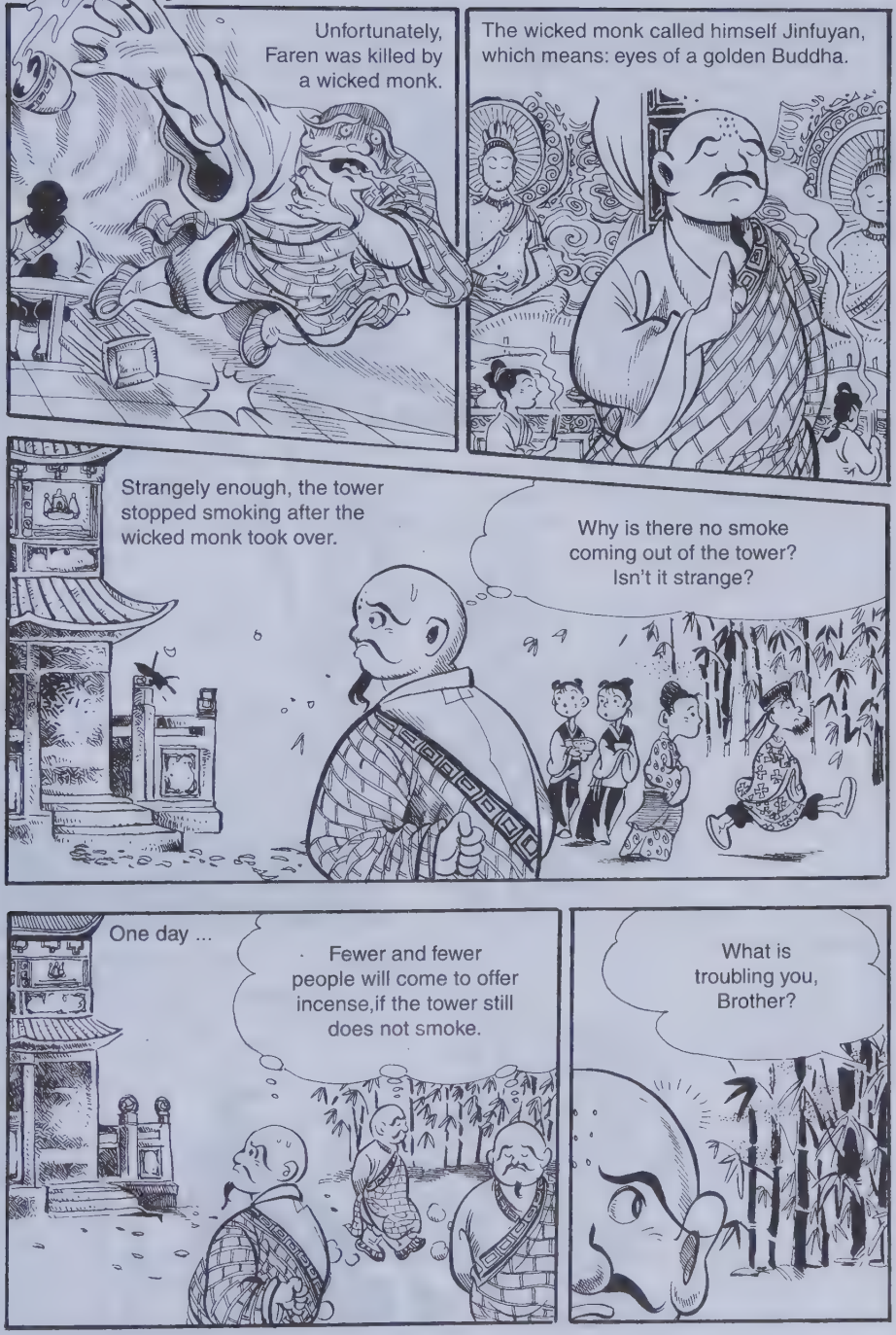
怒打蛇精　严惩恶僧

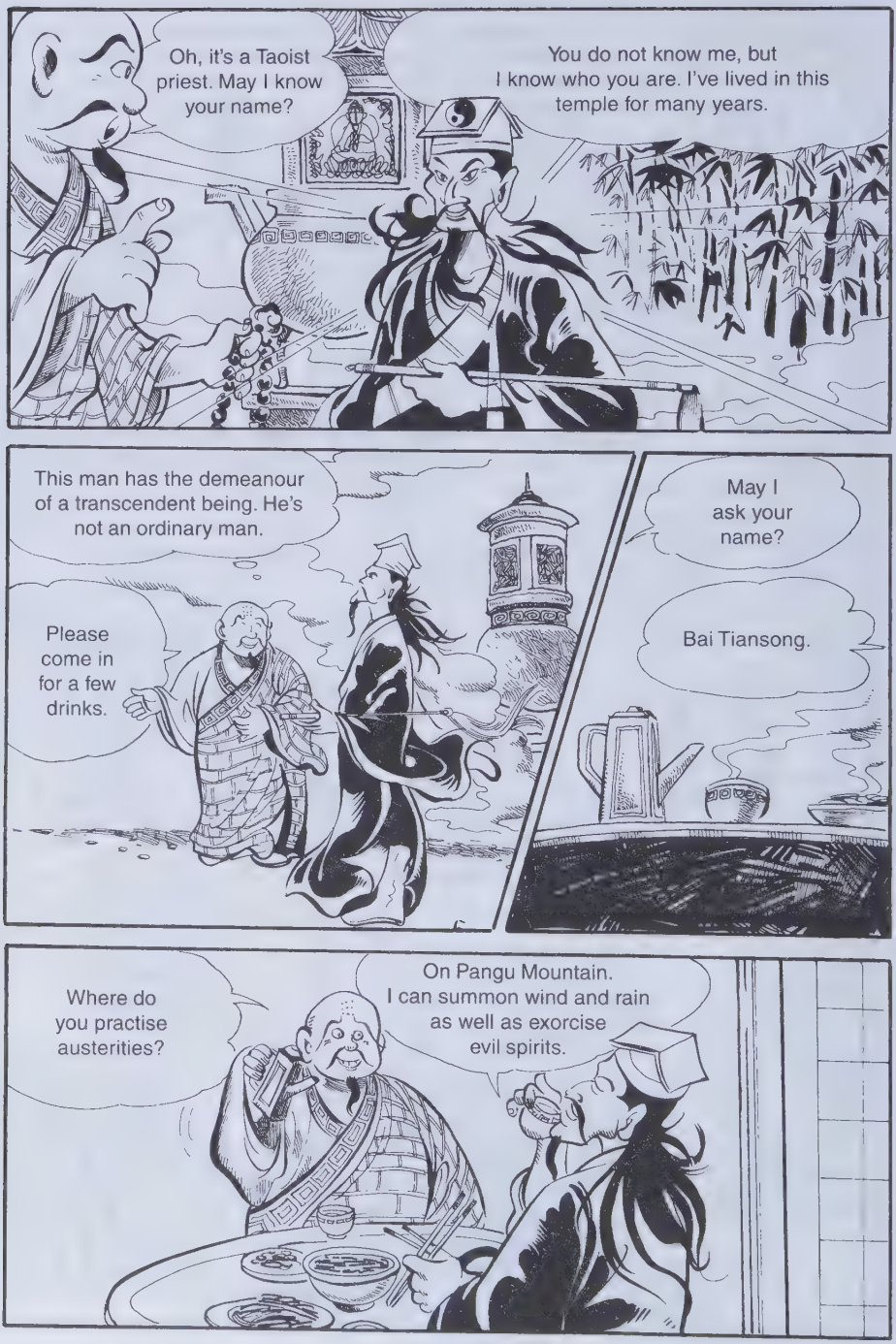
North to Kaihua County, Lin'an Prefecture, there was an old temple called the Temple of Iron Buddha. Behind the temple was a tower. Every time it rained, smoke would come out of the brick base of the tower and linger in the air. This unique spectacle gave the tower its name – the Tower of Smoke and Cloud.

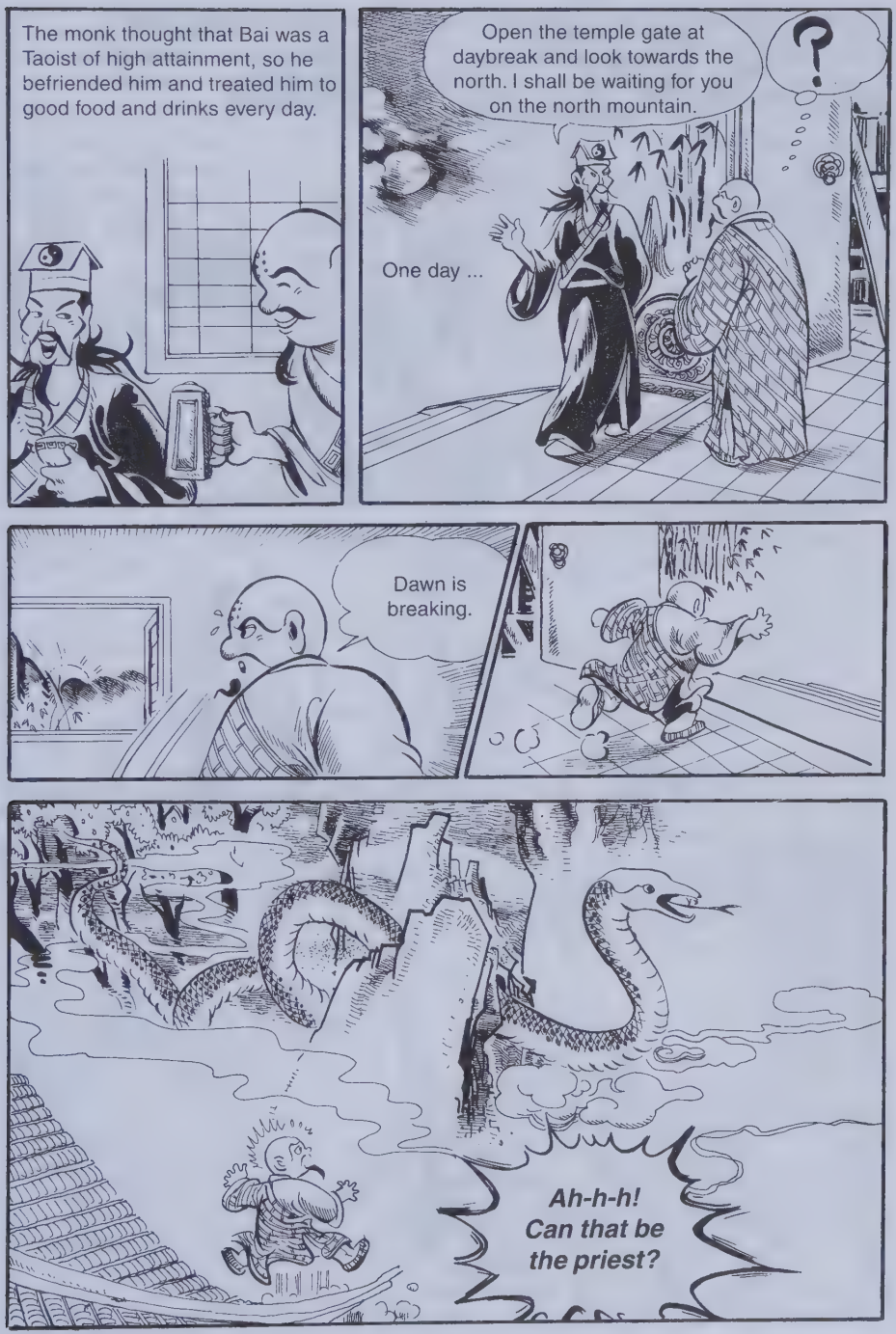
The Temple of Iron Buddha became famous because of the tower; officials and wealthy people often came to worship here.

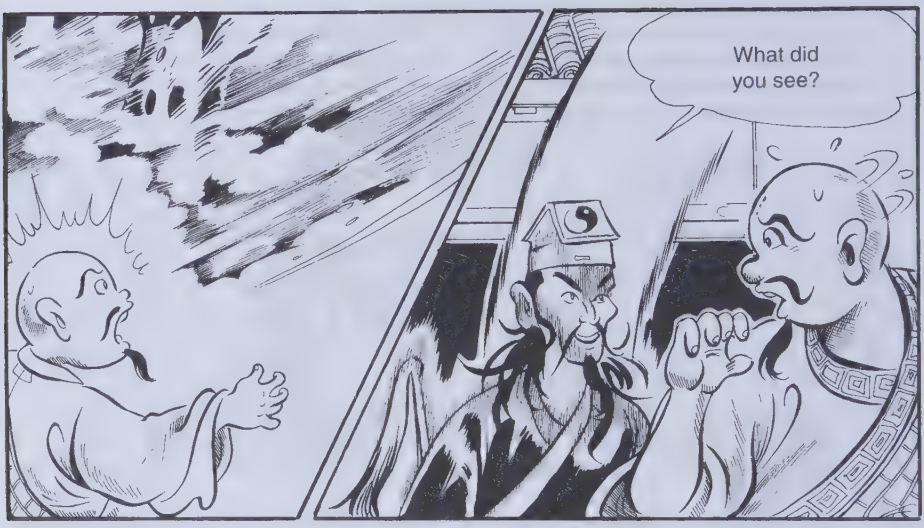


The abbot of the temple was a kind-hearted monk called Faren.

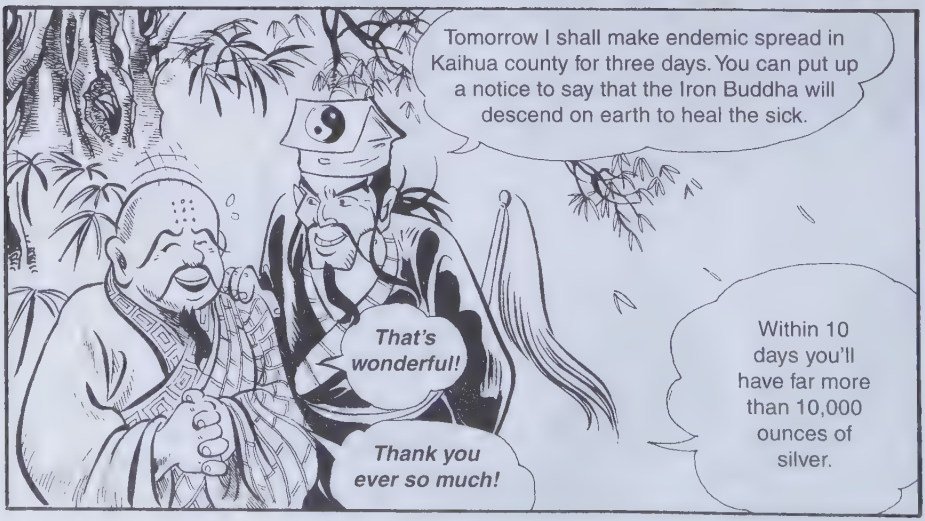

Unfortunately, Faren was killed by a wicked monk.
The wicked monk called himself Jinfuyan, which means: eyes of a golden Buddha.
Strangely enough, the tower stopped smoking after the wicked monk took over.
Why is there no smoke coming out of the tower? Isn't it strange?
One day ...
Fewer and fewer people will come to offer incense,if the tower still does not smoke.
What is troubling you, Brother?

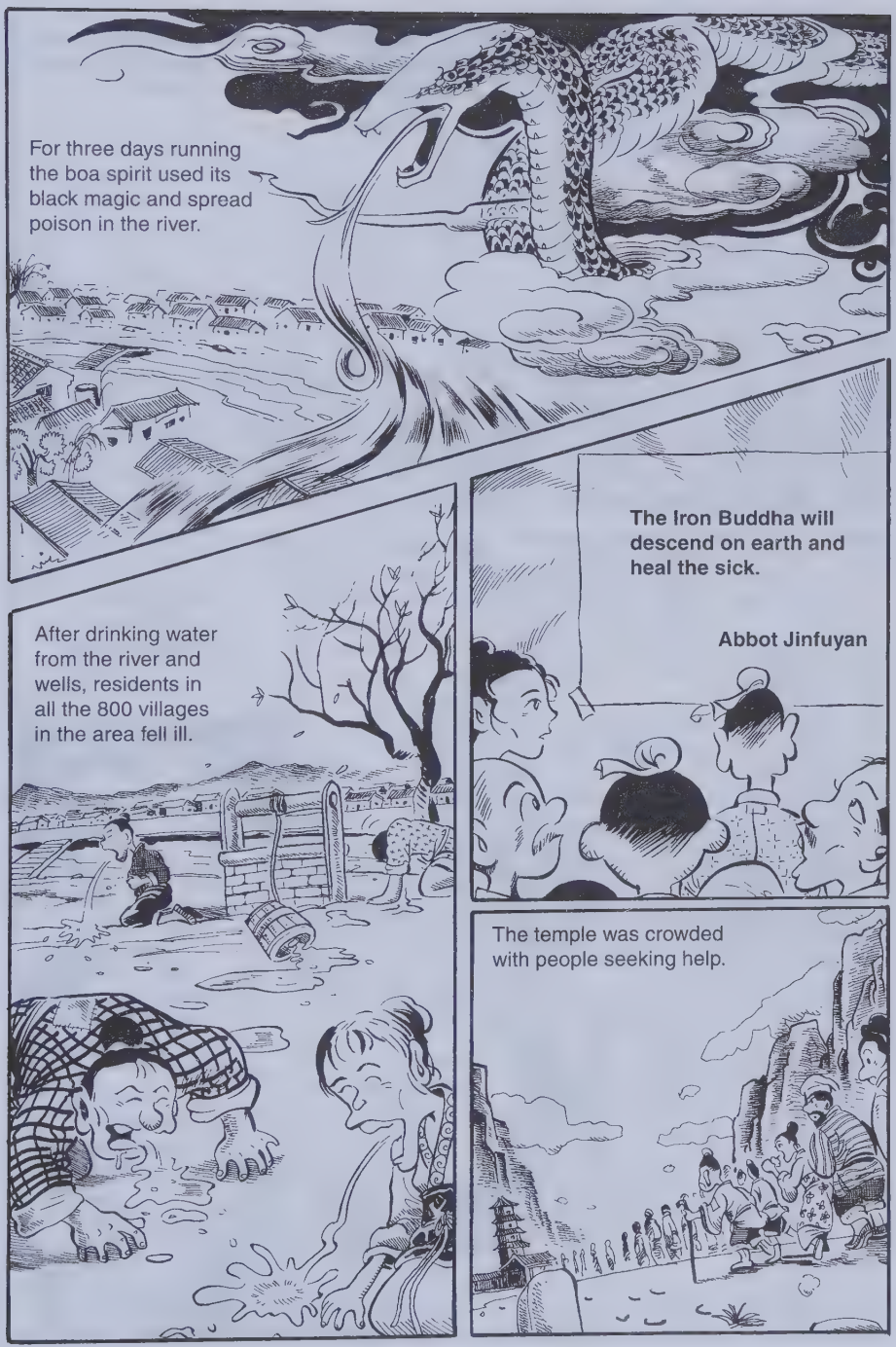

Oh, it's a Taoist priest. May I know your name?
You do not know me, but I know who you are. I've lived in this temple for many years.
This man has the demeanour of a transcendent being. He's not an ordinary man.
Please come in for a few drinks.
May I ask your name?
Bai Tiansong.
Where do you practise austerities?
On Pangu Mountain. I can summon wind and rain as well as exorcise evil spirits.


The monk thought that Bai was a Taoist of high attainment, so he befriended him and treated him to good food and drinks every day.
Open the temple gate at daybreak and look towards the north. I shall be waiting for you on the north mountain.
?
One day ...
Dawn is breaking.
Ah-h-h! Can that be the priest?

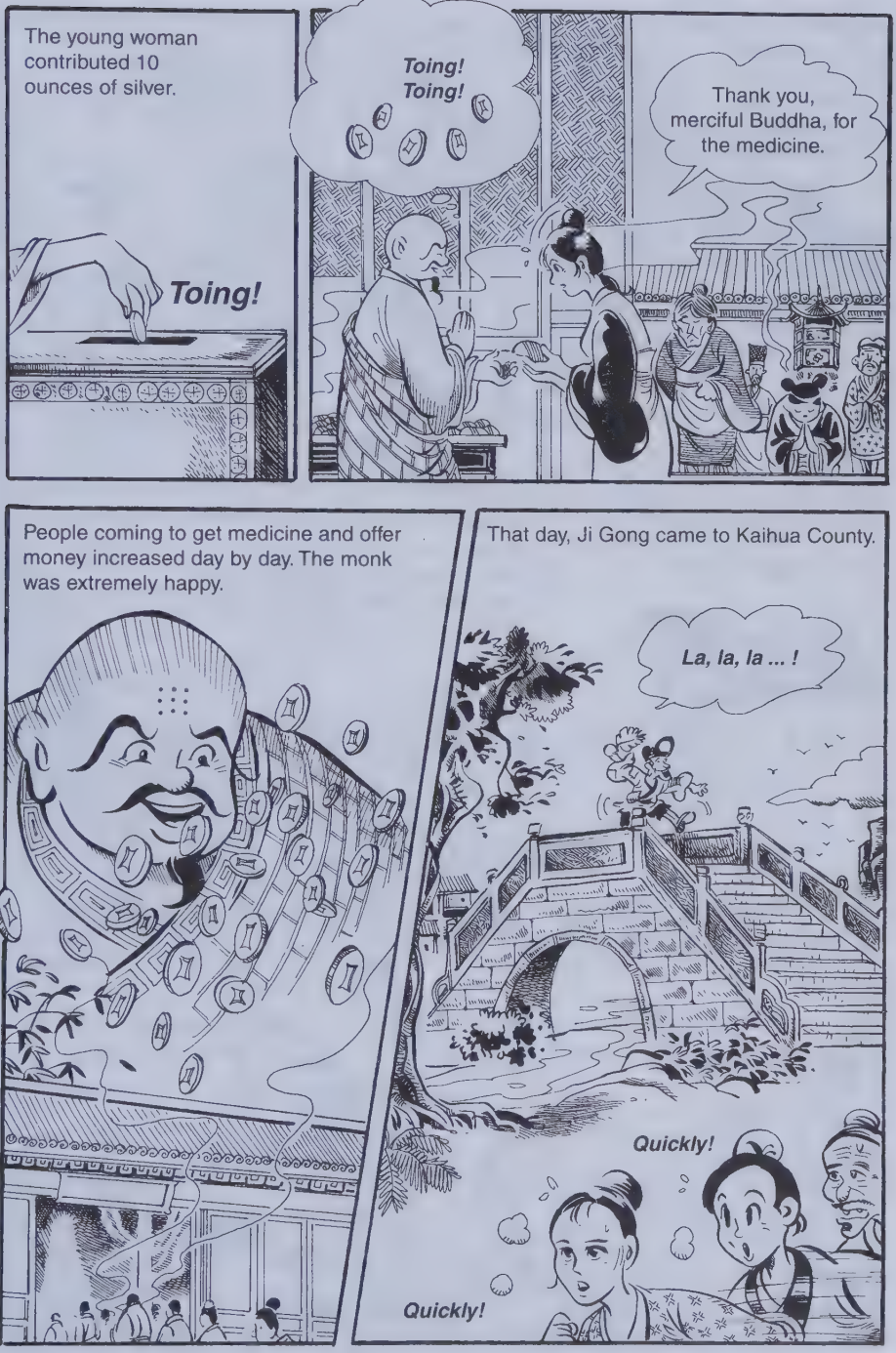

What did you see?

Knowing that the priest was a boa spirit, Jinfuyan formed evil designs in his head.
Please help me get 10,000 ounces of silver to cover temple expenses.
That's easy.

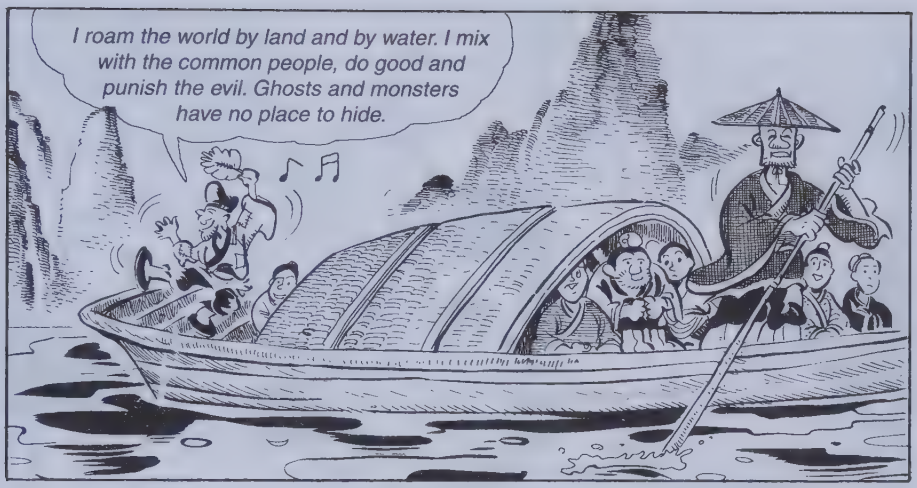

Tomorrow I shall make endemic spread in Kaihua county for three days. You can put up a notice to say that the Iron Buddha will descend on earth to heal the sick.
That's wonderful!
Thank you ever so much!
Within 10 days you'll have far more than 10,000 ounces of silver.

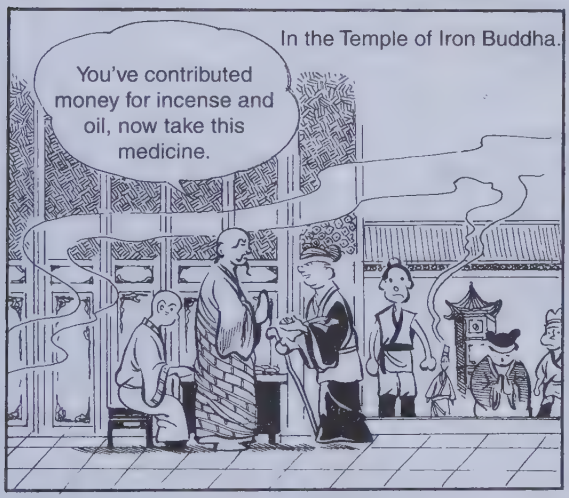

For three days running the boa spirit used its black magic and spread poison in the river.
The Iron Buddha will descend on earth and heal the sick.
Abbot Jinfuyan
After drinking water from the river and wells, residents in all the 800 villages in the area fell ill.
The temple was crowded with people seeking help.

People from the surrounding villages came to have their illness cured.
In the main hall a young woman named Yao was praying.
Dear merciful Buddha, my brother fell ill after drinking water from the river.
Please give me some medicine to cure my brother's illness.
Mmm, please offer some money for incense and lamp oil.
Buddha will give you medicine.
Thank you very much.


The young woman contributed 10 ounces of silver.
Toing!
Toing!
Toing!
Thank you, merciful Buddha, for the medicine.
People coming to get medicine and offer money increased day by day. The monk was extremely happy.
That day, Ji Gong came to Kaihua County.
La, la, la ... !
Quickly!
Quickly!

Wow! Why are you all in such a hurry? Where are you heading for?
Hey, little brother, tell me!
Oh!
Recently everyone in the county became ill. We're taking the boat to the Temple of Iron Buddha to get a magic drug that cures the disease.
Yea, the temple dispenses a magic drug for the disease.
Let me go there to find out what's going on.

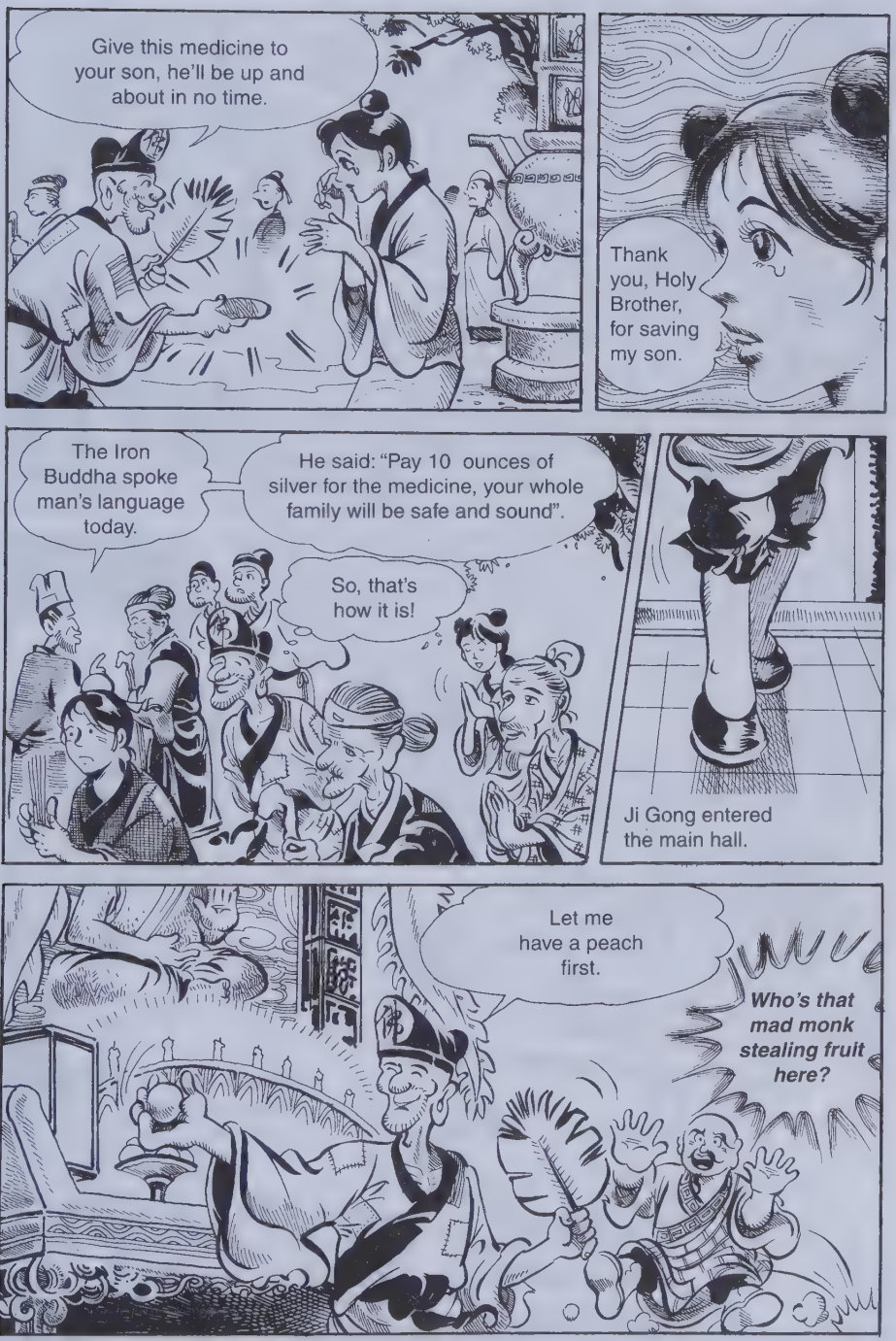

I roam the world by land and by water. I mix with the common people, do good and punish the evil. Ghosts and monsters have no place to hide.

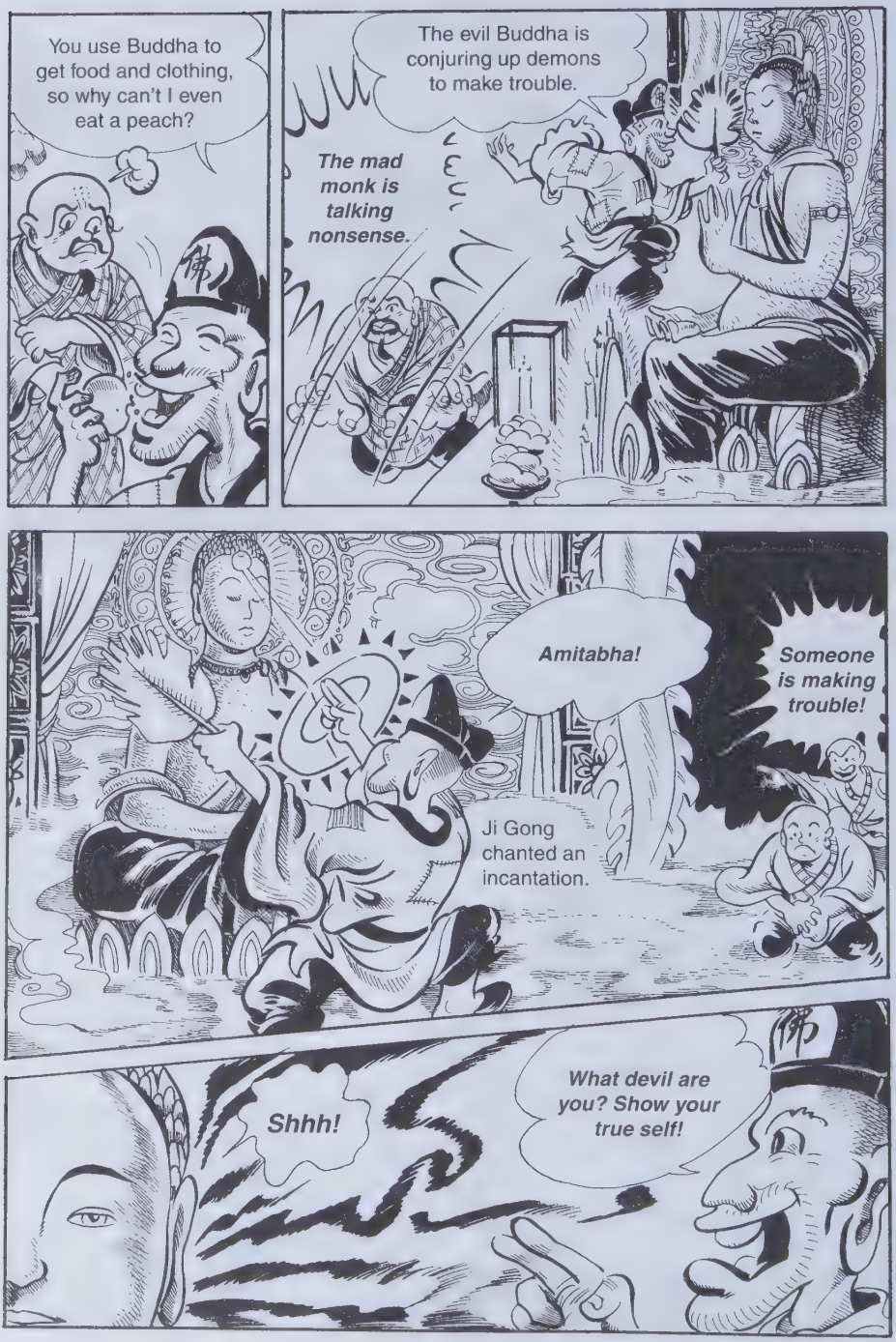

In the Temple of Iron Buddha.
You've contributed money for incense and oil, now take this medicine.

Dear Buddha, my name is Huang.

I beseech you to have mercy on my little son who is seriously ill. Please give me some medicine to cure him.
O.K. You should make some contribution.

My husband went out to find work and has not come back. I'm clean broke but I'll offer incense and oil to you as soon as my man returns. Please, merciful Buddha!
We don't operate on credit here. No money, no drug.
Please, please, have pity on me!
Please, please!
Get out!
Not only man's world is full of greed for gold, but the world of Buddhas, too! Oh, my Lord, have pity on your devout believer!
So, there really is something going on.


Give this medicine to your son, he'll be up and about in no time.
Thank you, Holy Brother, for saving my son.
The Iron Buddha spoke man's language today.
He said: "Pay 10 ounces of silver for the medicine, your whole family will be safe and sound".
So, that's how it is!
Ji Gong entered the main hall.
Let me have a peach first.
Who's that mad monk stealing fruit here?


You use Buddha to get food and clothing, so why can't I even eat a peach?
The evil Buddha is conjuring up demons to make trouble.
The mad monk is talking nonsense.
Amitabha!
Someone is making trouble!
Ji Gong chanted an incantation.
Shhh!
What devil are you? Show your true self!

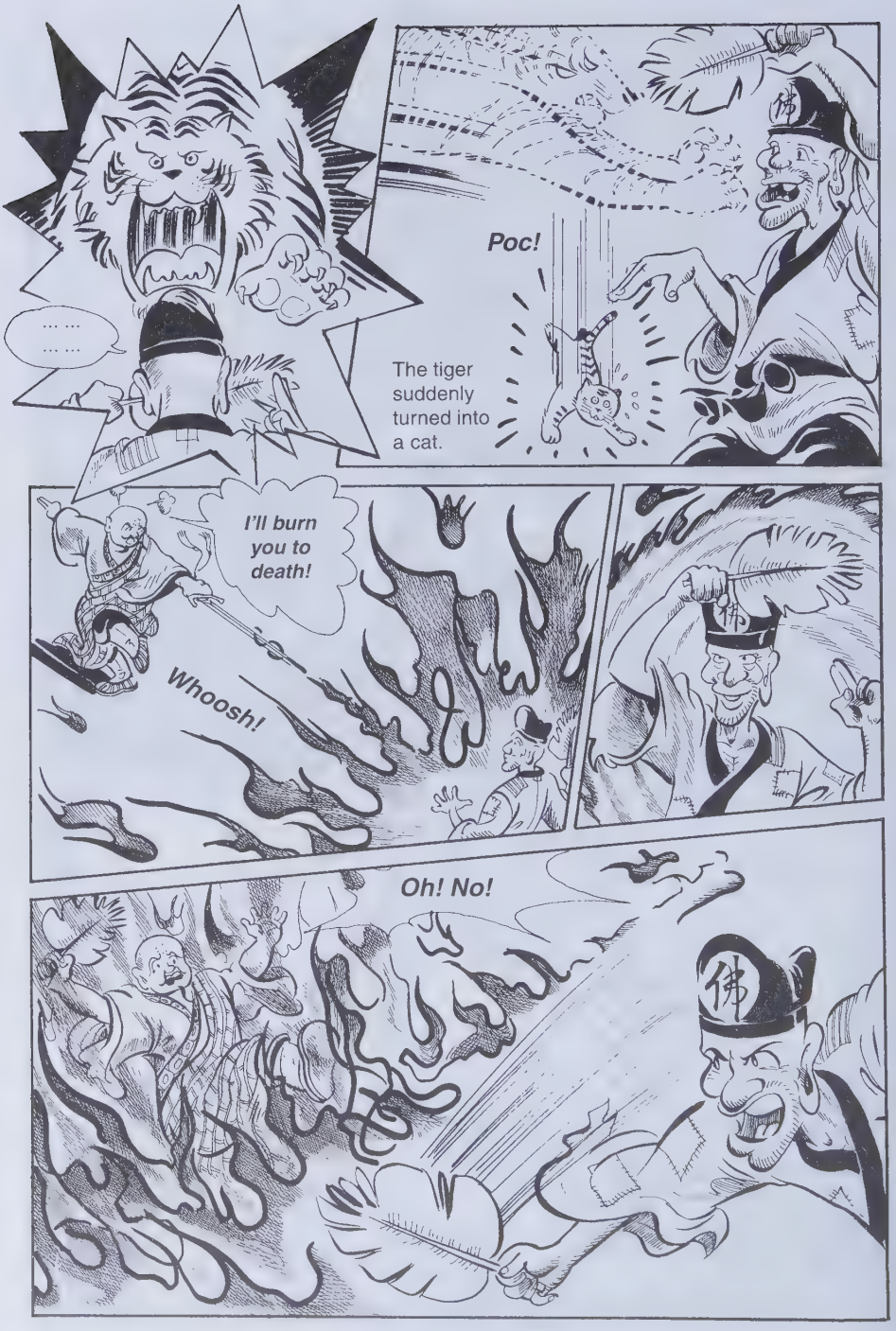
So it's a boa spirit.
Wah!
Come, let's play somewhere else.

Now, you're angry because I broke your spell?
佛
Lord. It has coiled round me.
Ji Gong gripped the boa's throat and pinned it down.

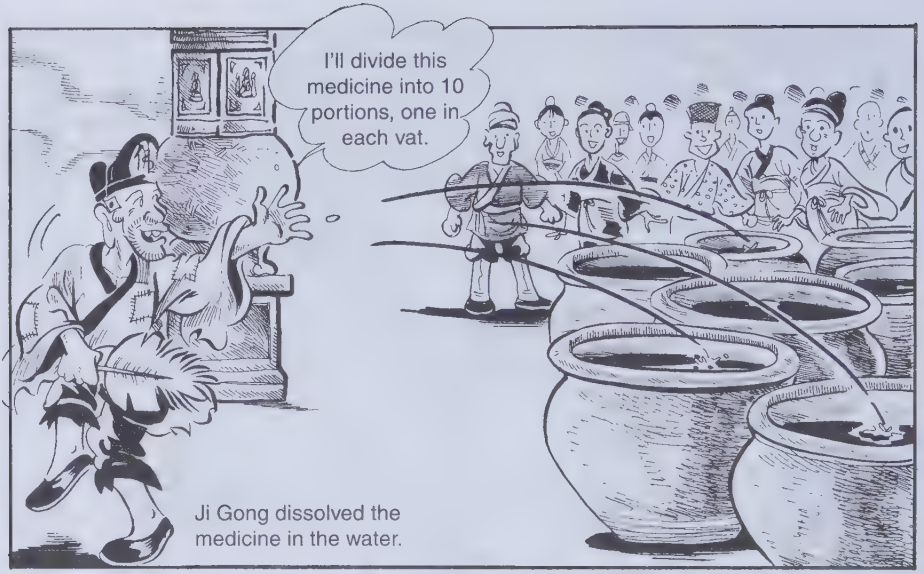
Mad monk, you spoiled my good business. I'll get even with you!
Go to hell!

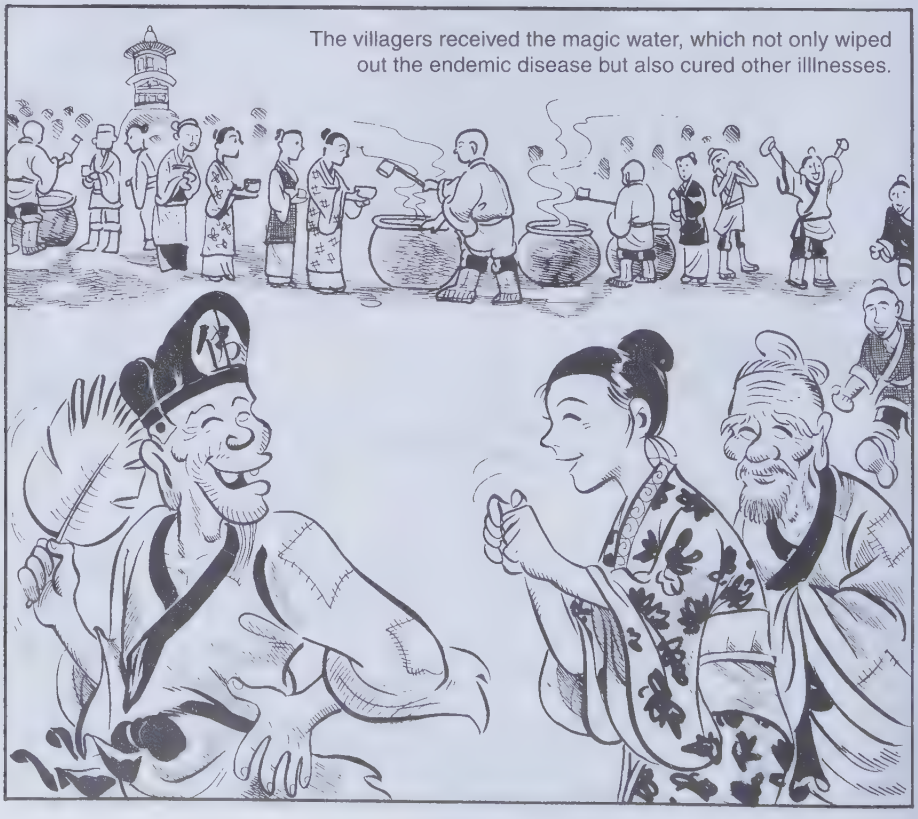
Jinfuyan heard Ji Gong mutter an incantation.
You are ... Ji Gong!
Ami-tabha!
Mad monk, why did you come here?
Evil monk, you raked in riches by harming the villagers. You have violated the Buddhist dharma.
I am here to punish you for your crime.
If you repent, I will let you off. You must return all the money to the villagers.
Let's fight it out and see who's the victor.

Evil is repaid with evil.
... it's because the time has not yet come.
If the repayment is not forthcoming ...
Sploug!
Mmm, I've got to use a new trick.
GRRR!


……
……
Poc!
The tiger suddenly turned into a cat.
I'll burn you to death!
Whoosh!
Oh! No!

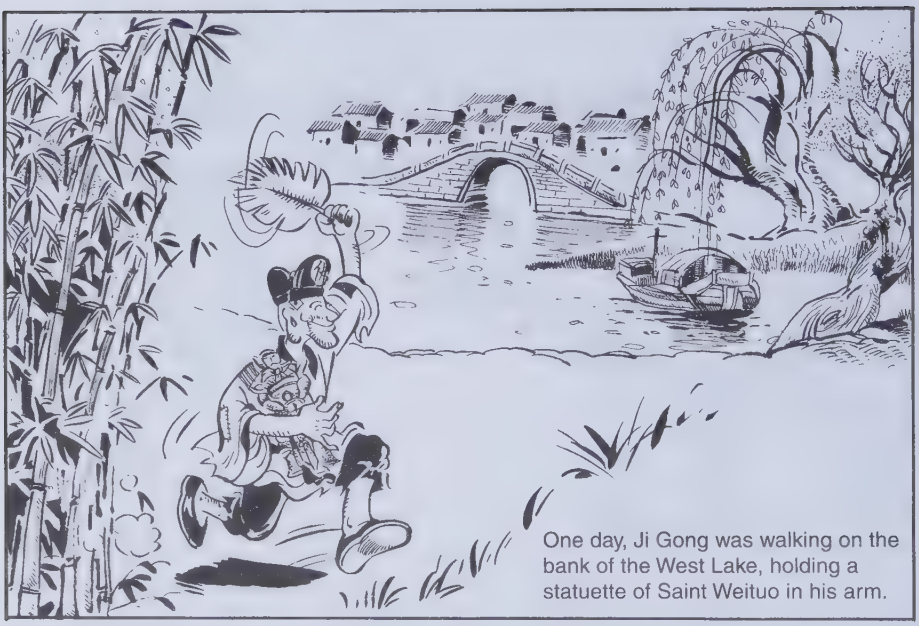
Ouch!
Bong!
Help!
Help!
The evil monk was burnt to death.
Now, you see, the evil monk cheated you of your money with the help of the boa spirit.
But what about our illness?
I have a magic cure. Go get 10 big vats and fill them with water.

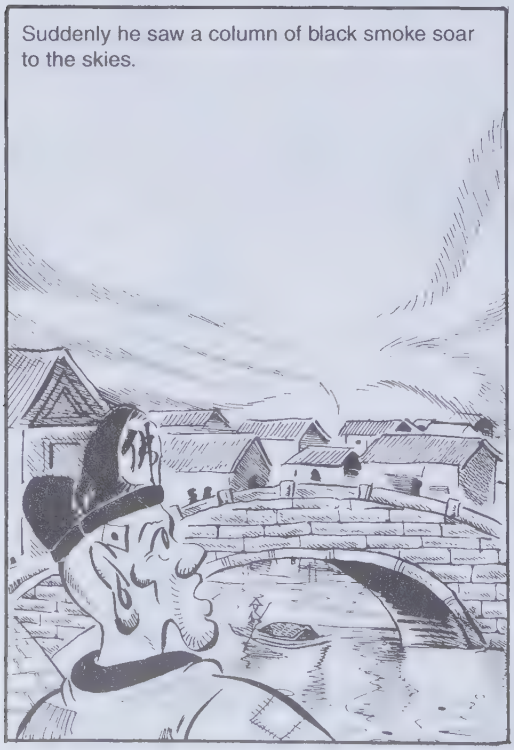

I'll divide this medicine into 10 portions, one in each vat.
Ji Gong dissolved the medicine in the water.


The villagers received the magic water, which not only wiped out the endemic disease but also cured other illlnesses.

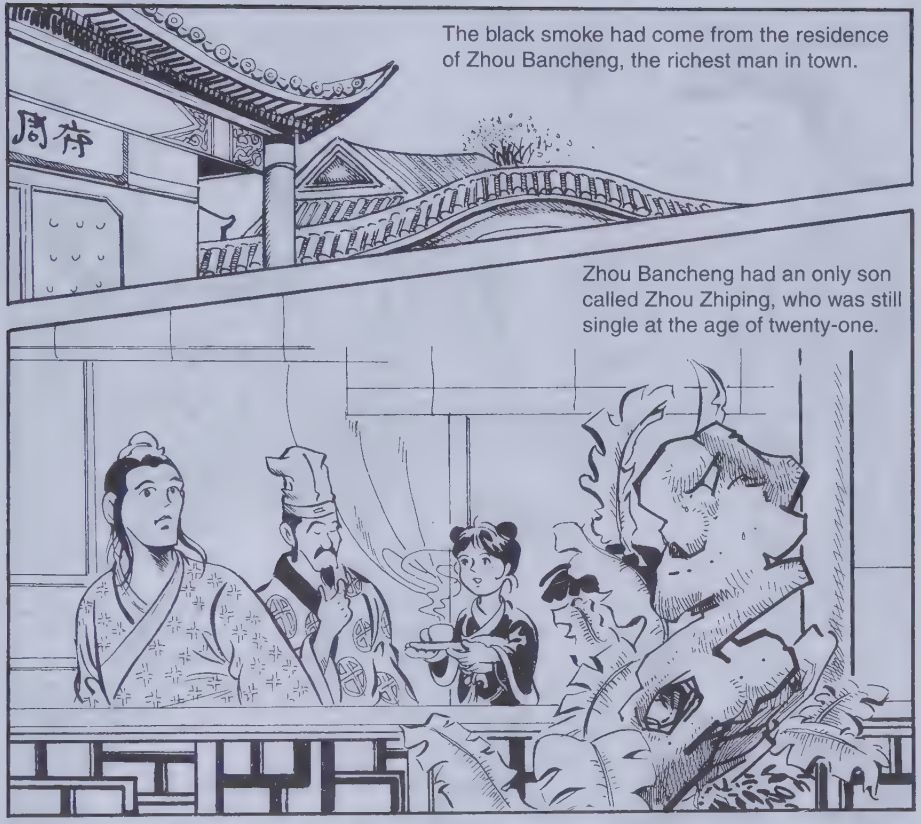
Witch-Hunt In The Zhou Family Residence; A Fox Spirit Exposed

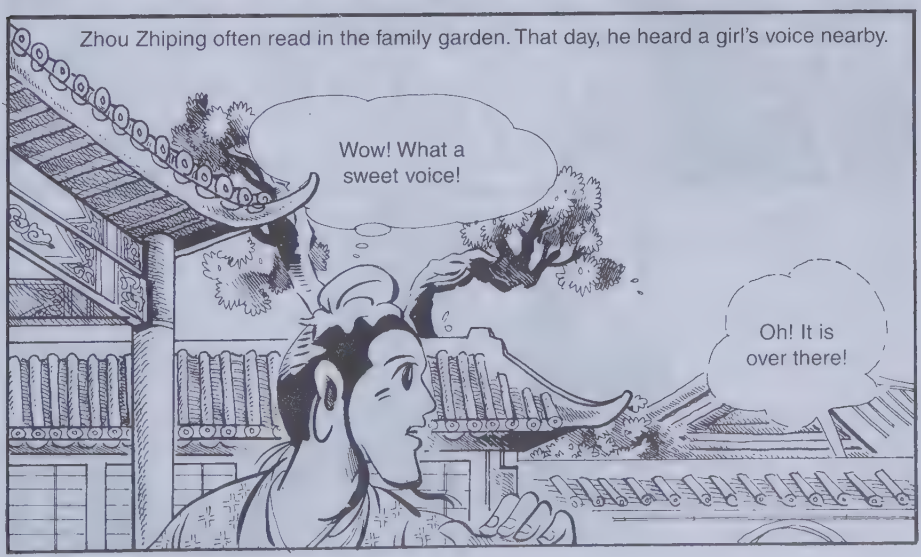
周府捉妖　狐仙现形

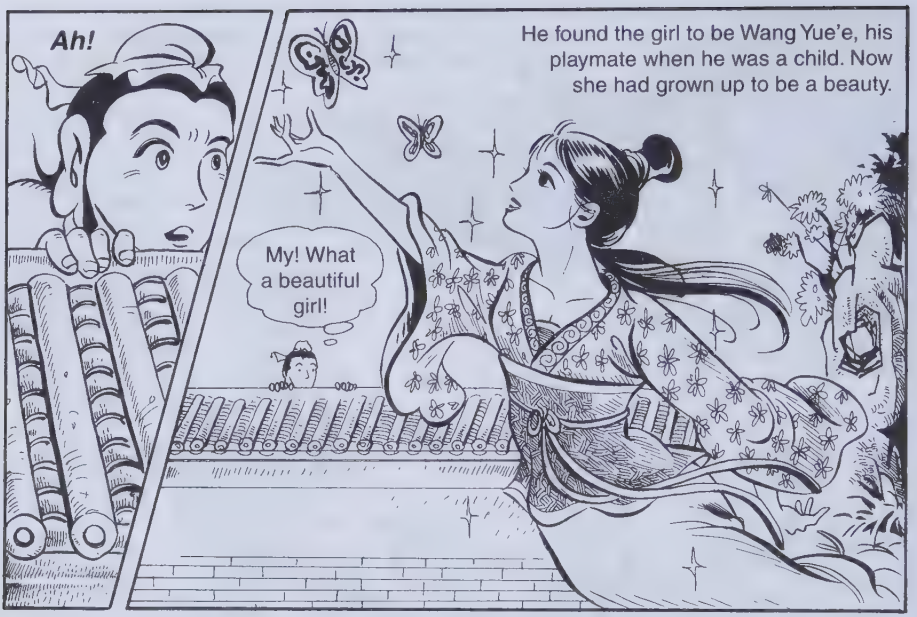

One day, Ji Gong was walking on the bank of the West Lake, holding a statuette of Saint Weituo in his arm.

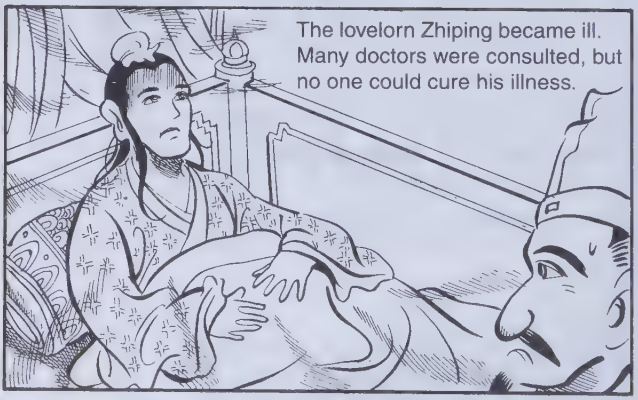

Suddenly he saw a column of black smoke soar to the skies.

He slapped his forehead three times.
Good Lord, I must take care of it.


The black smoke had come from the residence of Zhou Bancheng, the richest man in town.
周府
Zhou Bancheng had an only son called Zhou Zhiping, who was still single at the age of twenty-one.

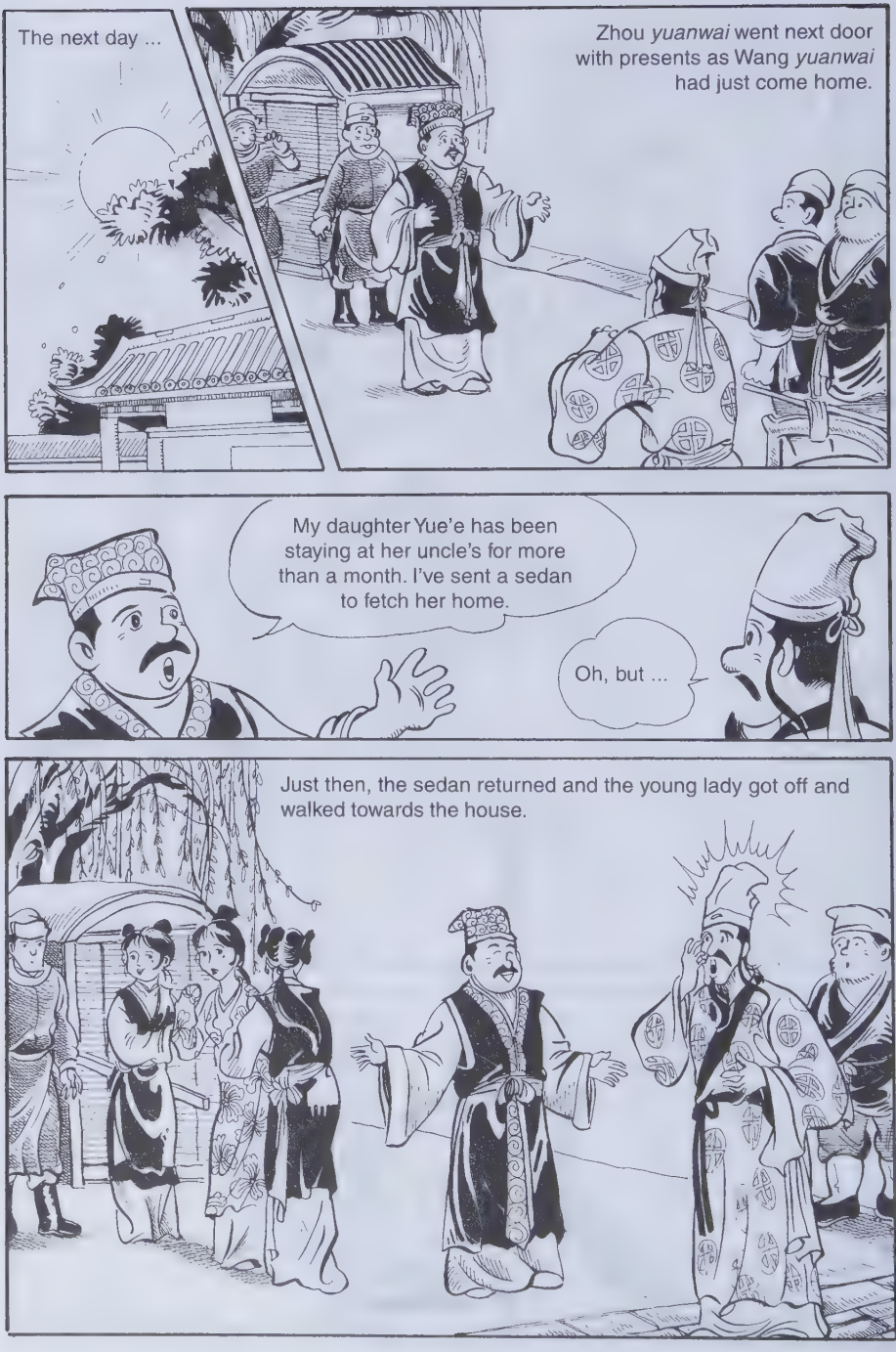

Zhou Zhiping often read in the family garden. That day, he heard a girl's voice nearby.
Wow! What a sweet voice!
Oh! It is over there!

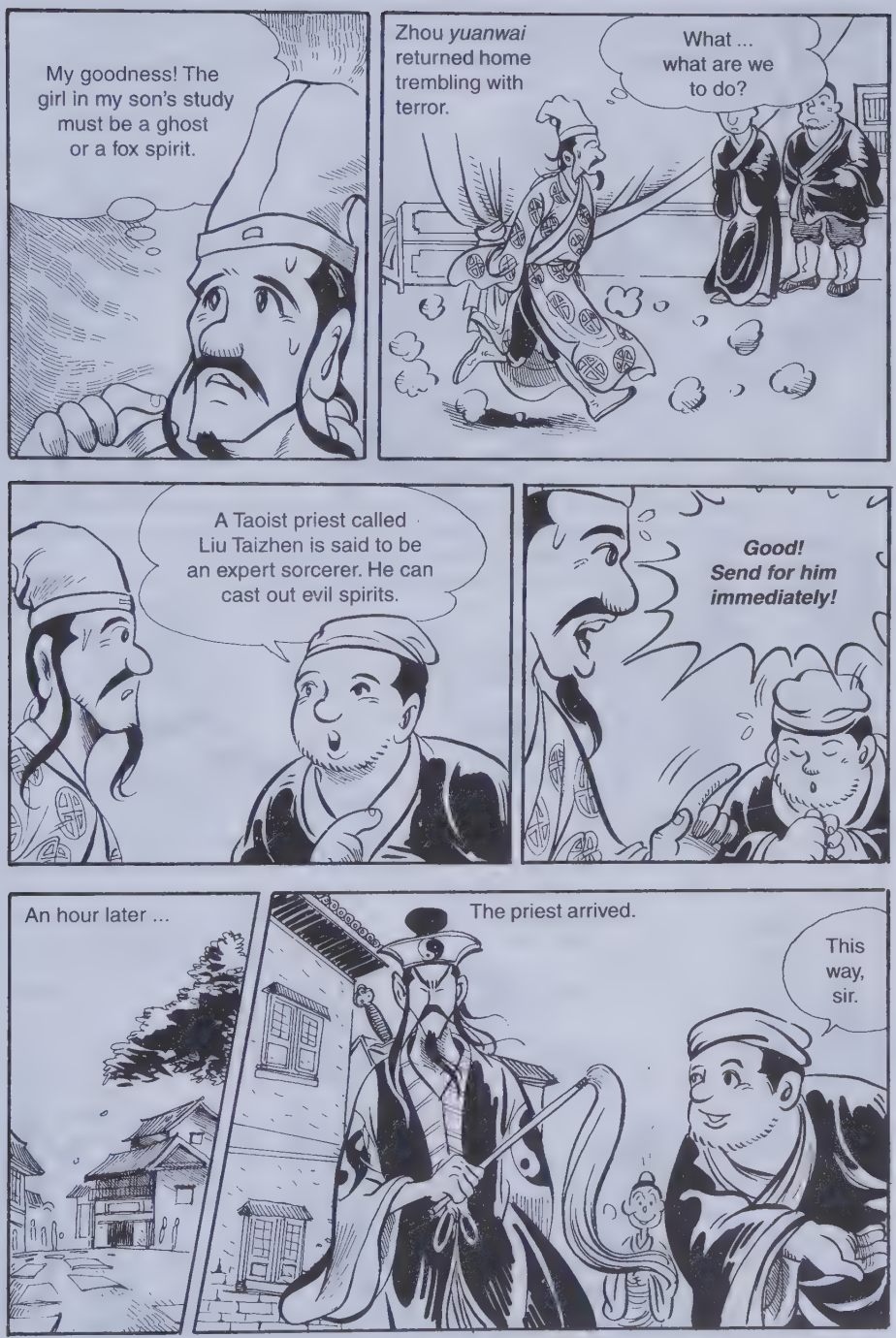

Ah!
He found the girl to be Wang Yue'e, his playmate when he was a child. Now she had grown up to be a beauty.
My! What a beautiful girl!

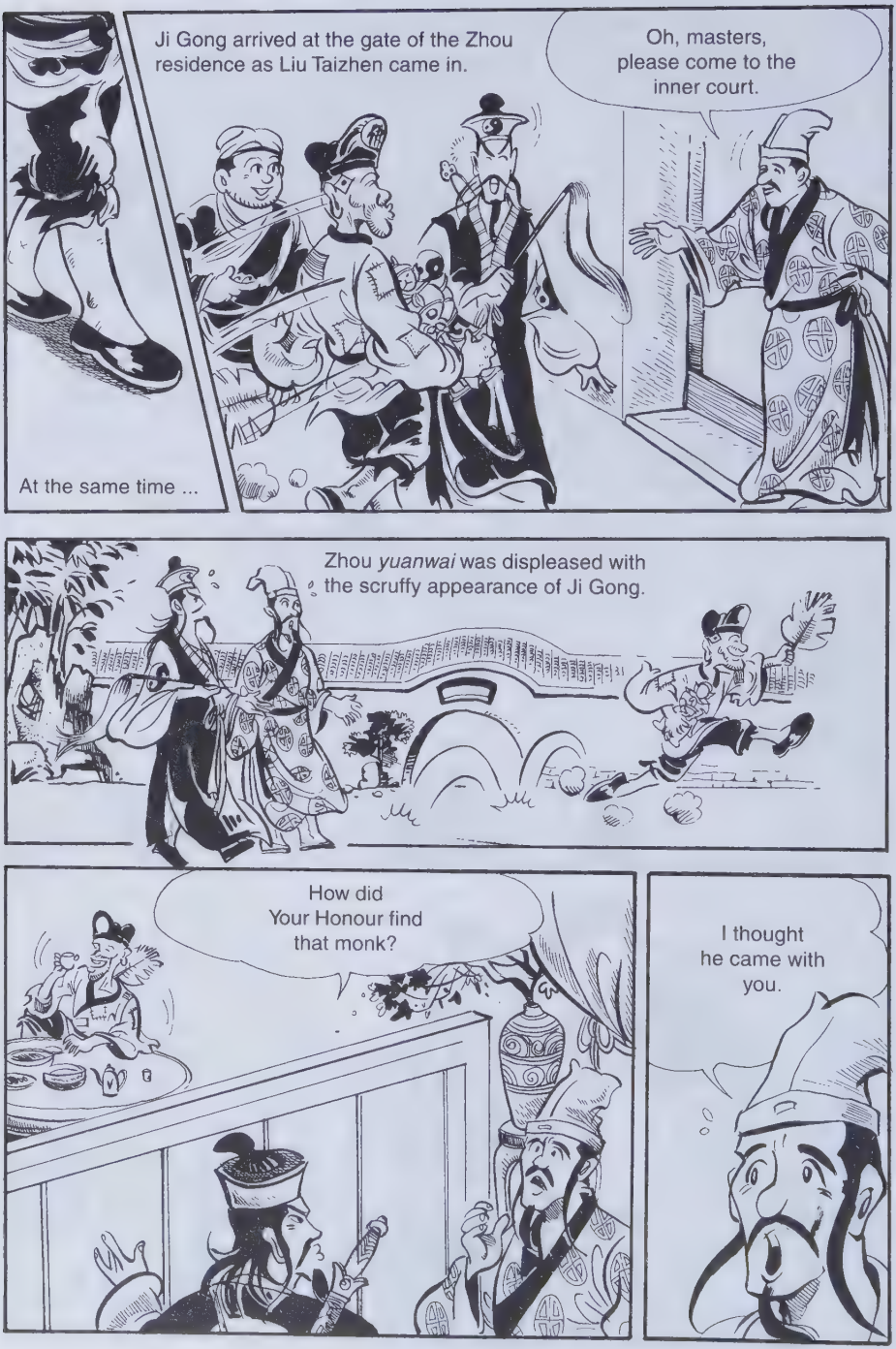


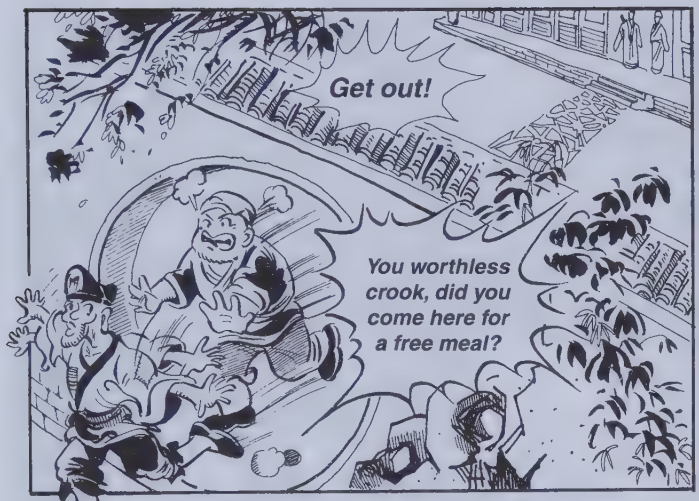
His father was terribly worried.

Why is there the voice of a woman?
Hi! Hi!
Ha! Ha!
Zhou
周
I'll see what's going on here.
Ha! Ha!
He saw his son engaged in intimate conversation with a pretty young woman.
She seems to be the daughter of our next-door neighbour. Her father and I have been friends ever since we were children. I'll go to see him tomorrow to propose a marriage alliance.

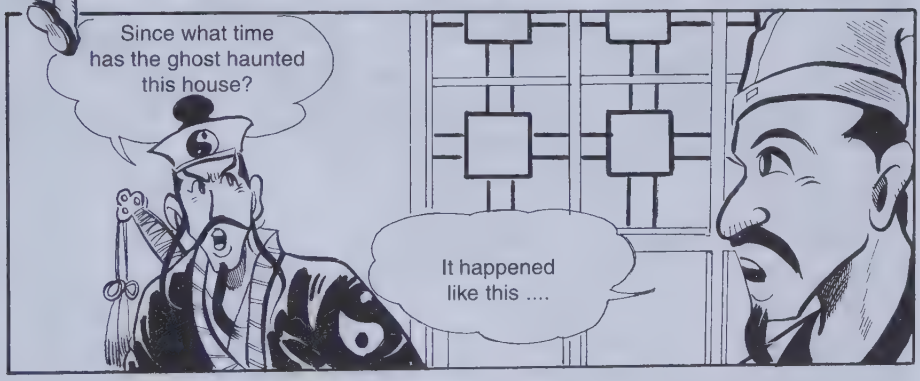

The next day ...
Zhou *yuanwai* went next door with presents as Wang *yuanwai* had just come home.
My daughter Yue'e has been staying at her uncle's for more than a month. I've sent a sedan to fetch her home.
Oh, but ...
Just then, the sedan returned and the young lady got off and walked towards the house.


My goodness! The girl in my son's study must be a ghost or a fox spirit.
Zhou *yuanwai* returned home trembling with terror.
What ... what are we to do?
A Taoist priest called Liu Taizhen is said to be an expert sorcerer. He can cast out evil spirits.
Good! Send for him immediately!
An hour later ...
The priest arrived.
This way, sir.


At the same time ...
Ji Gong arrived at the gate of the Zhou residence as Liu Taizhen came in.
Oh, masters, please come to the inner court.
Zhou *yuanwai* was displeased with the scruffy appearance of Ji Gong.
How did Your Honour find that monk?
I thought he came with you.

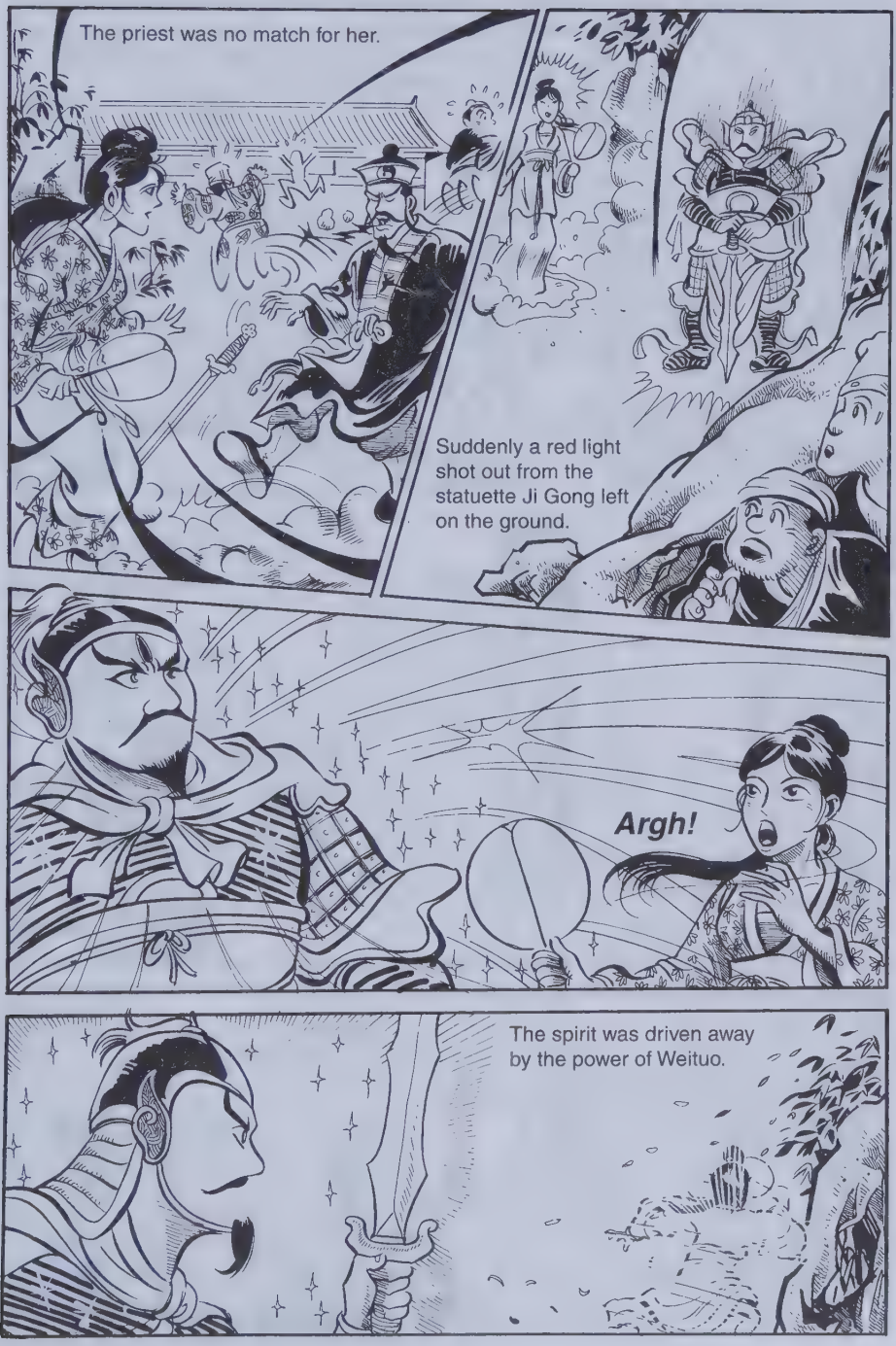


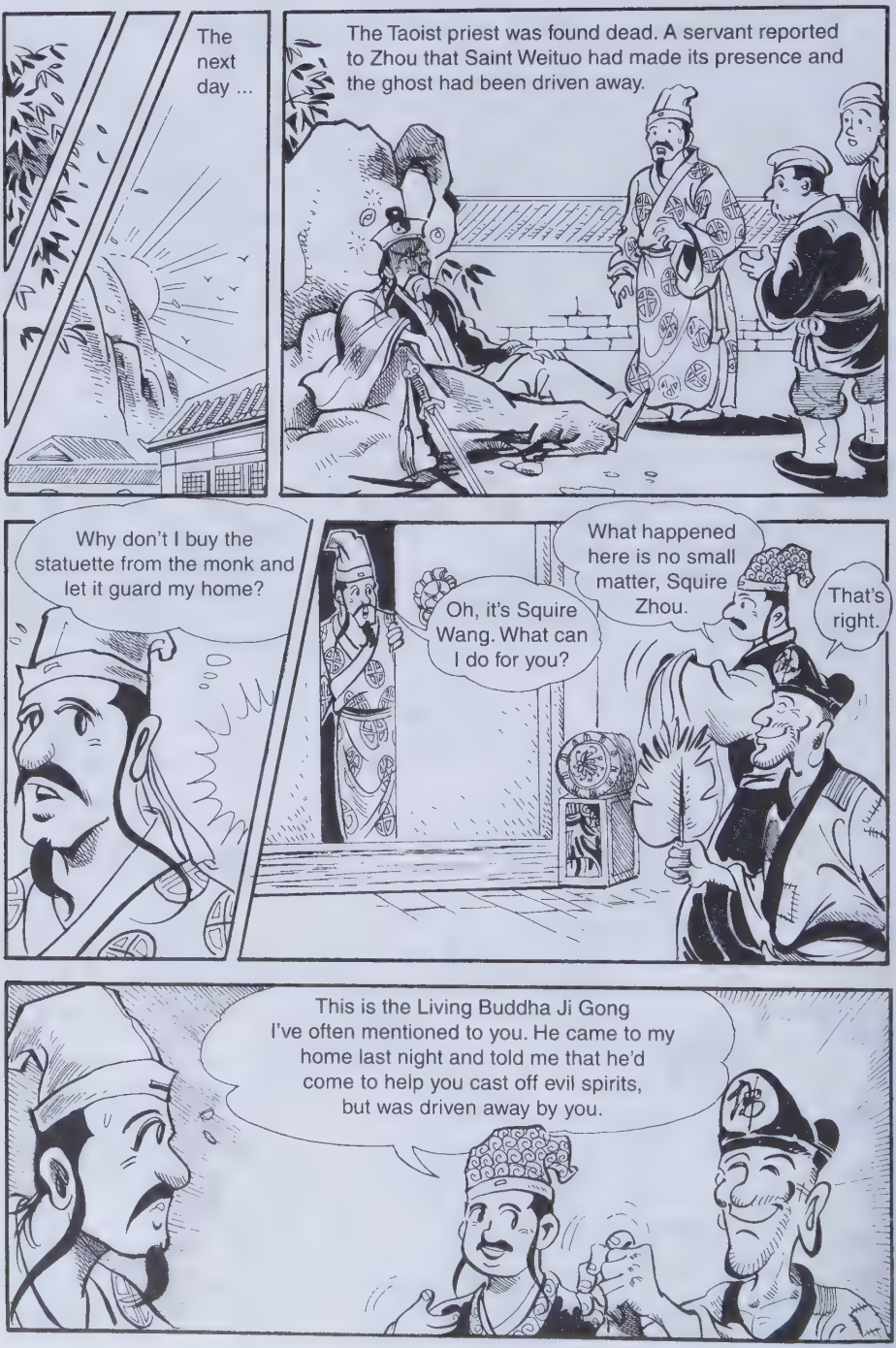
During the confusion, Ji Gong threw the statuette of Weituo in the garden.



The priest set up an altar in the garden and began to exercise magic. He was chanting the third Taoist incantation ...

Wicked priest, how dare you exercise your black magic here to disturb my quiet life!
Hoosh!

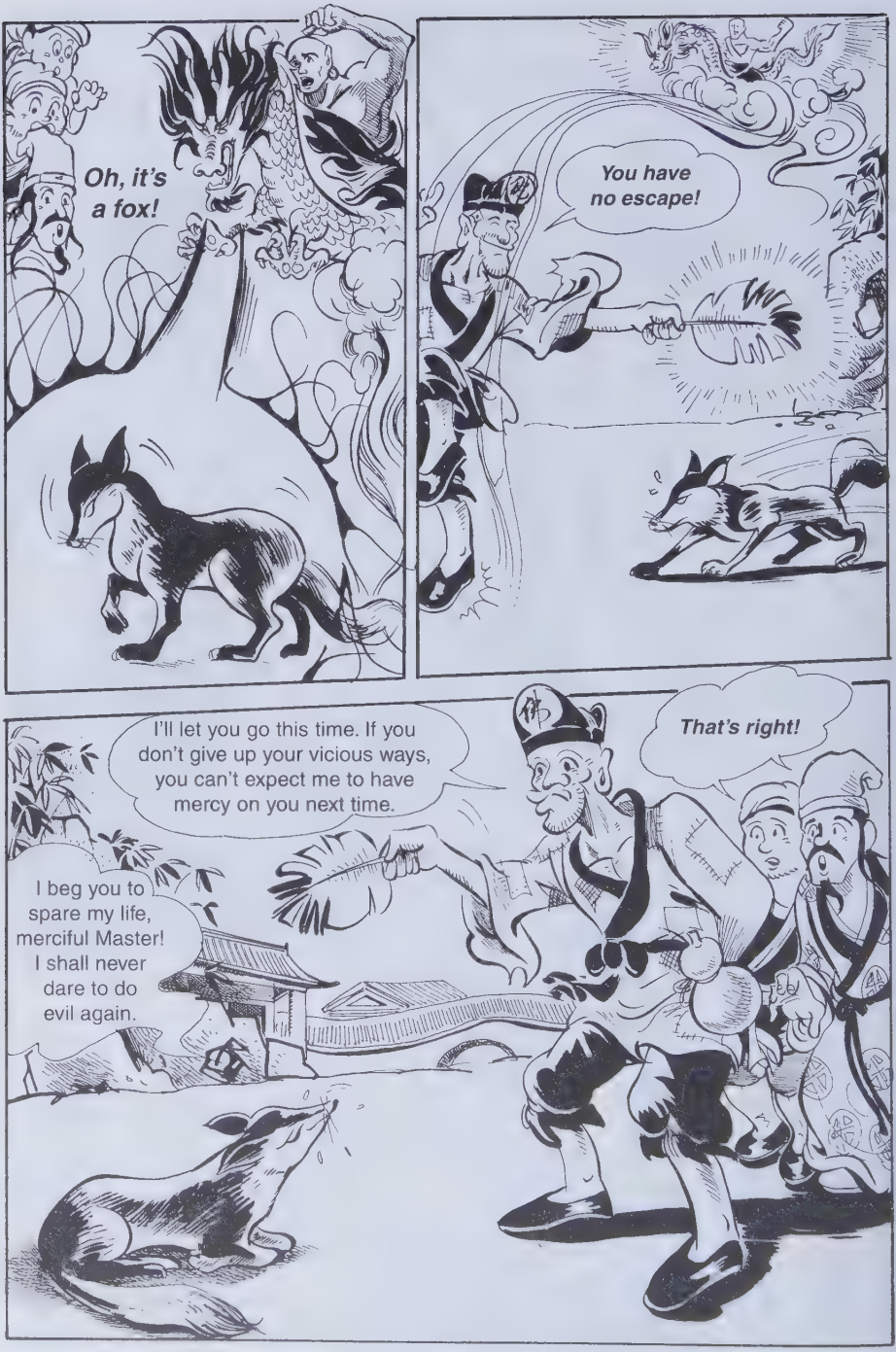

The priest was no match for her.
Suddenly a red light shot out from the statuette Ji Gong left on the ground.
Argh!
The spirit was driven away by the power of Weituo.

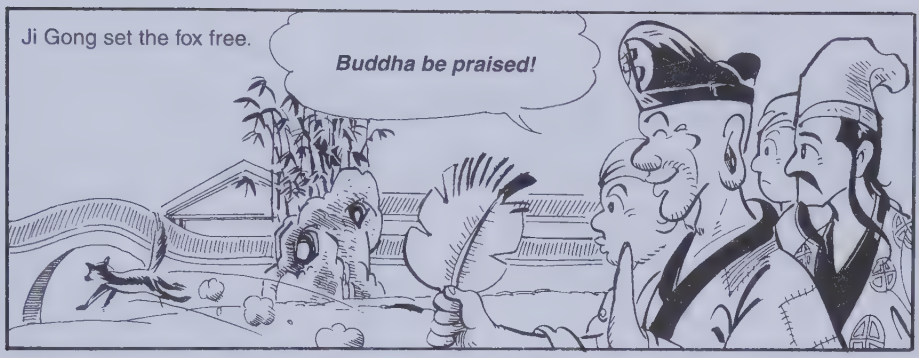

The next day ...
The Taoist priest was found dead. A servant reported to Zhou that Saint Weituo had made its presence and the ghost had been driven away.
Why don't I buy the statuette from the monk and let it guard my home?
Oh, it's Squire Wang. What can I do for you?
What happened here is no small matter, Squire Zhou.
That's right.
This is the Living Buddha Ji Gong I've often mentioned to you. He came to my home last night and told me that he'd come to help you cast off evil spirits, but was driven away by you.

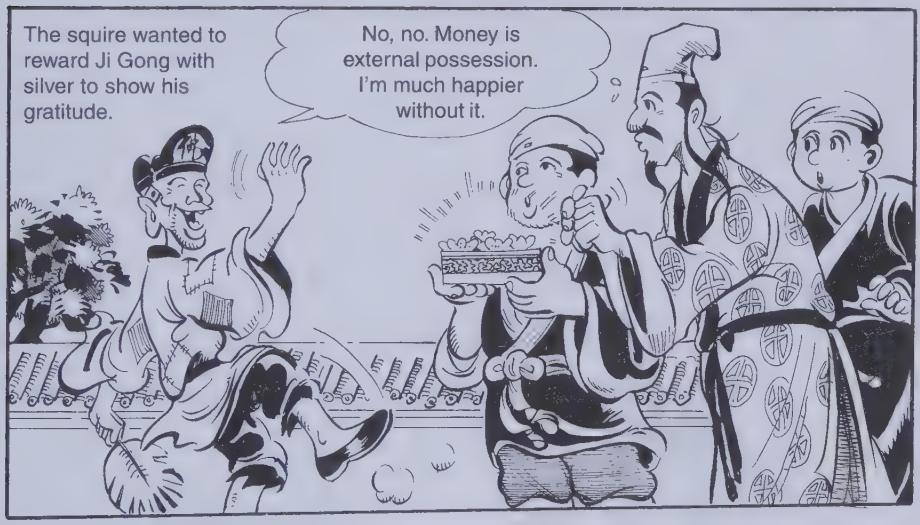
Oh, Holy Brother, please forgive me for my ignorance. The Taoist priest died of shock during his fight with the spirit.
Ji Gong resurrected the priest with his magic power.
Thank you very much for saving my life.
Ji Gong then used a magic drug to cure Zhou Zhiping's illness.
I shall always be grateful to you, Holy Brother.
The servants tried to lift the statuette of Weituo, but couldn't even move it.

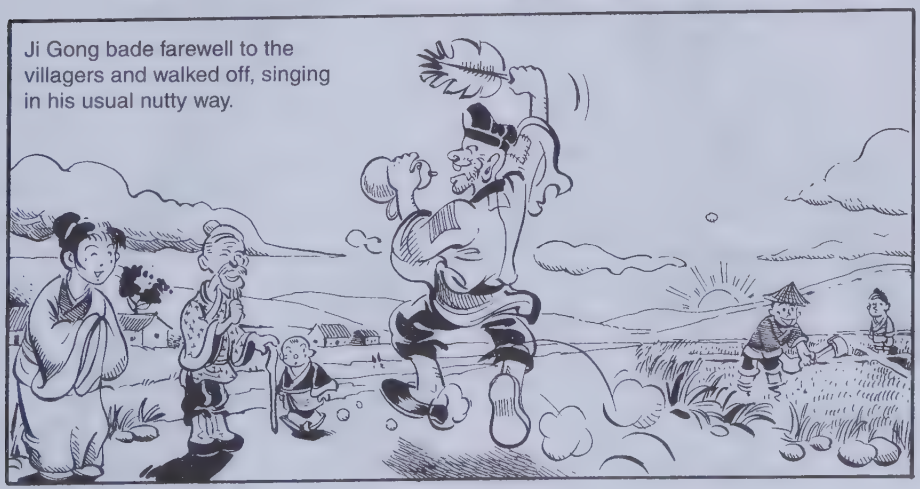
So, that's where you've been.
Effortlessly, Ji Gong took it up and found the evil spirit underneath.
Let me deal with you! Warf!
Hoosh!
The spirit spat black smoke at Ji Gong.
Argh!
Ji Gong showed his real self - Arhat Xiang Long of Western Heaven.

Argh!
The spirit was defeated.


Oh, it's a fox!
You have no escape!
I'll let you go this time. If you don't give up your vicious ways, you can't expect me to have mercy on you next time.
That's right!
I beg you to spare my life, merciful Master! I shall never dare to do evil again.

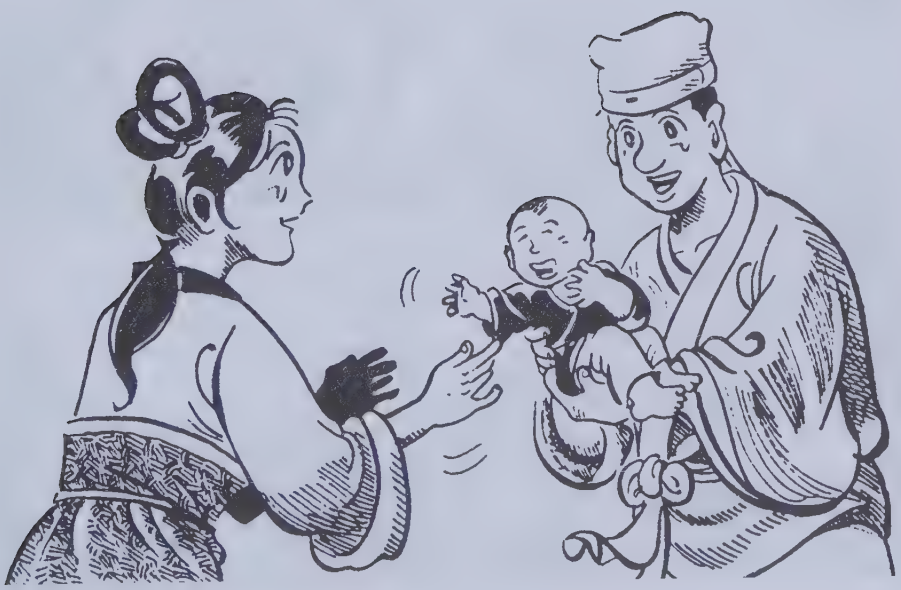

Ji Gong set the fox free.
Buddha be praised!


The squire wanted to reward Ji Gong with silver to show his gratitude.
No, no. Money is external possession. I'm much happier without it.

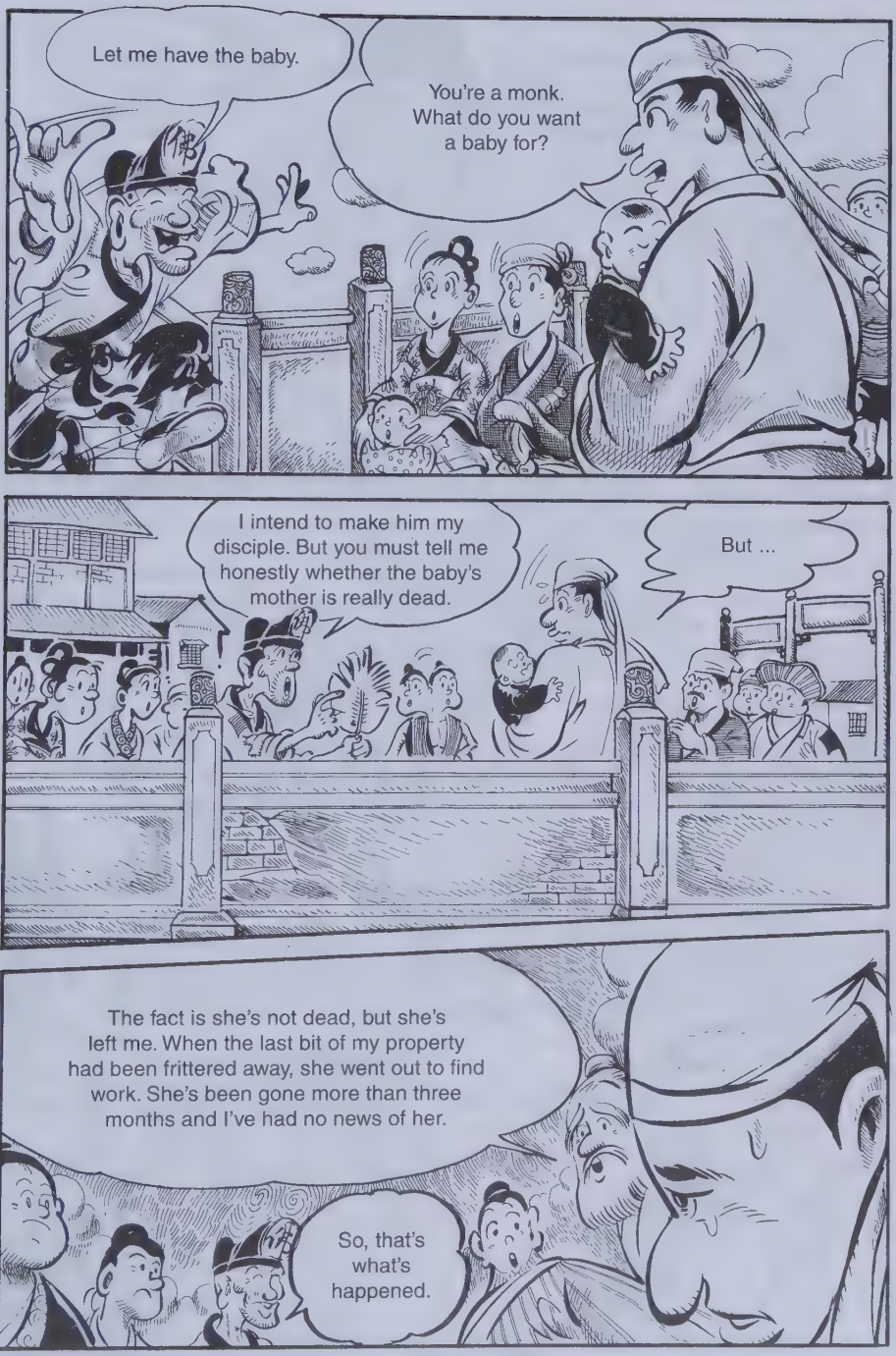

Ji Gong bade farewell to the villagers and walked off, singing in his usual nutty way.

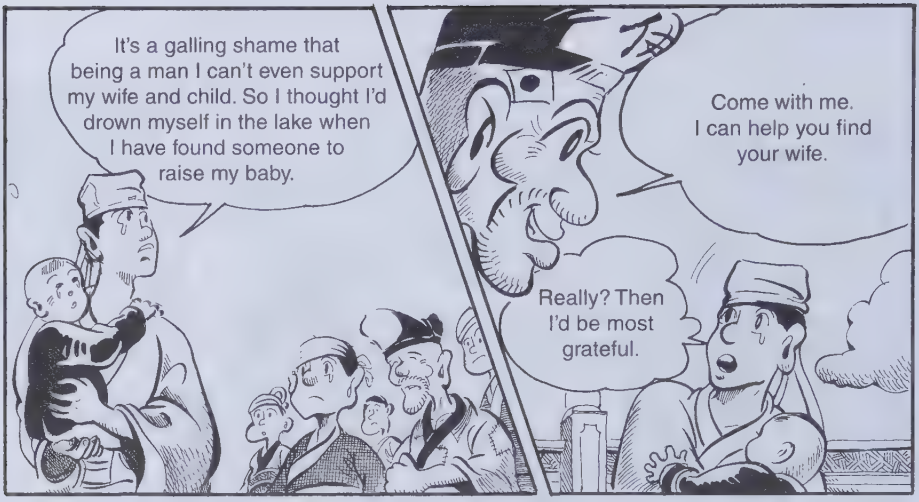
Husband And Wife Reunited;
The Tablet Hall Rebuilt

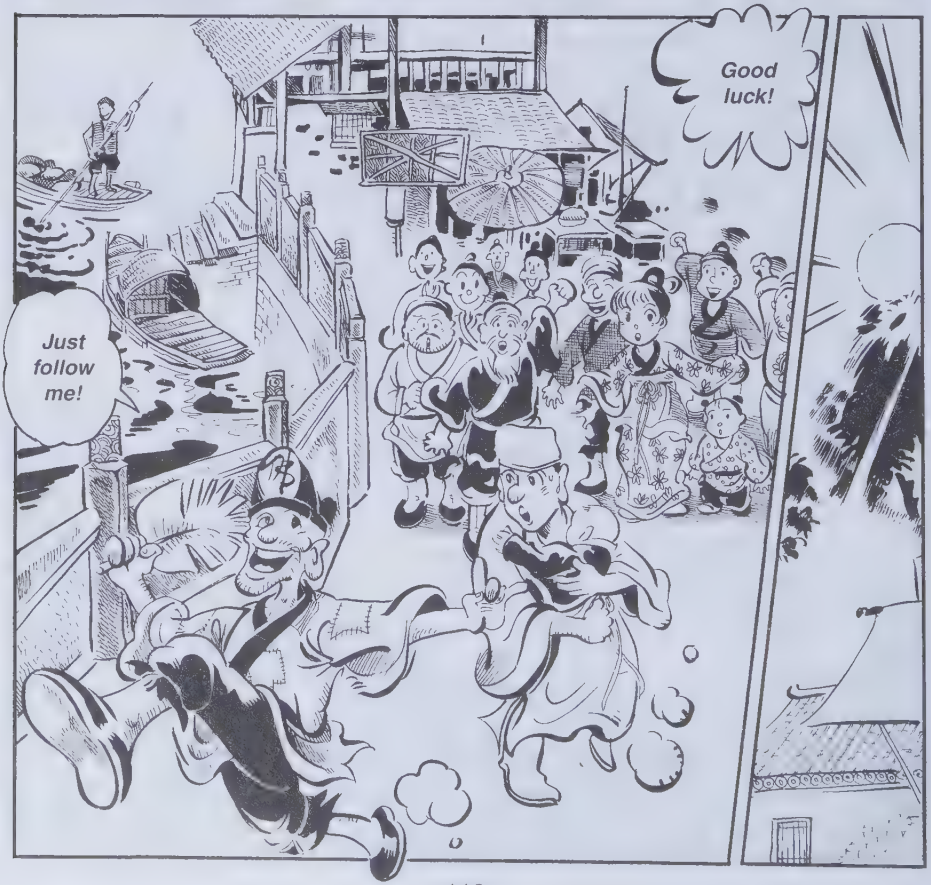
夫妻团圆　善缘修楼

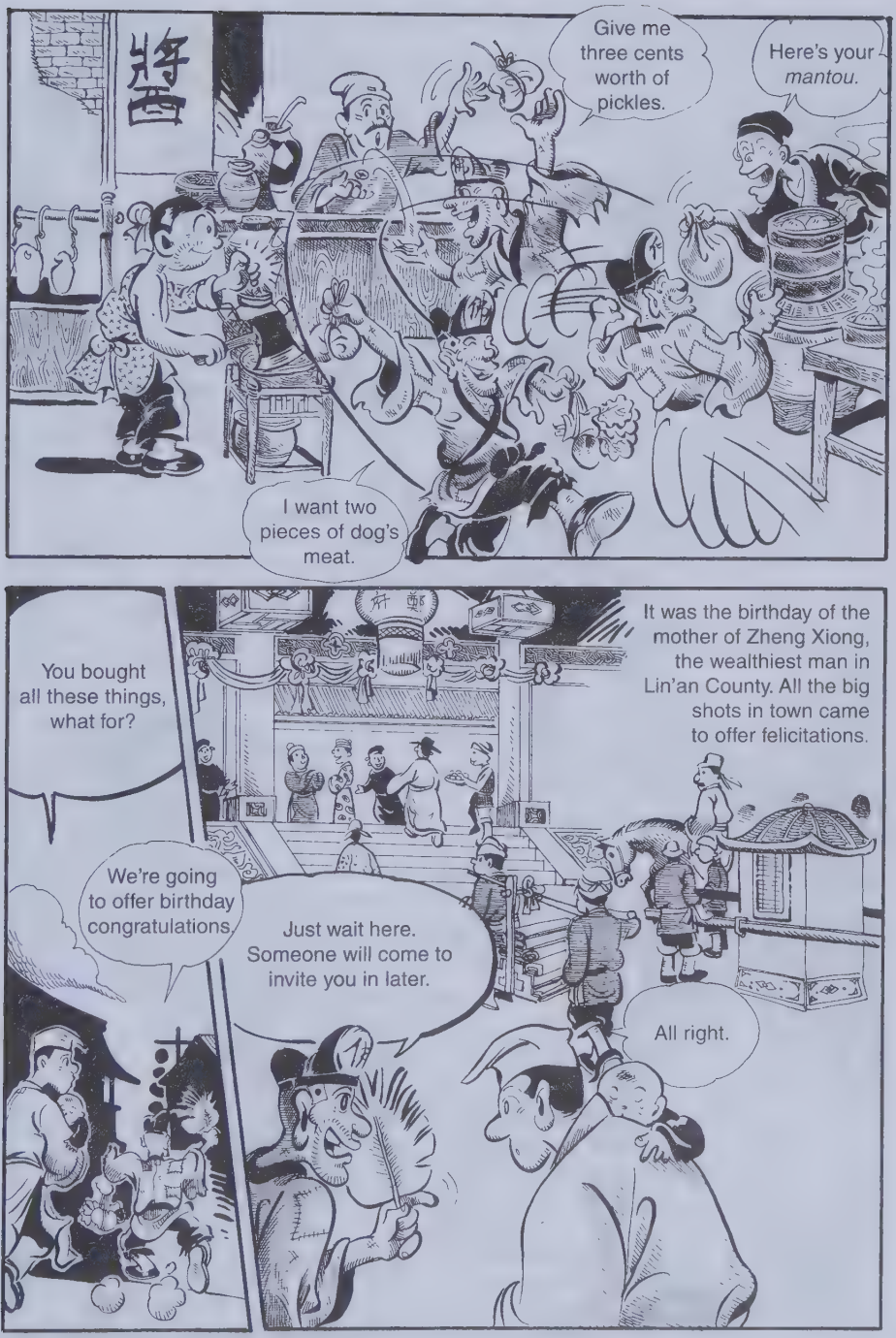


My name is Ma Peiran. I cannot do heavy manual work and have no job. My wife died when the baby was small. Now I am down to my last cent.
I'd like to adopt it.
I can't afford a wet-nurse. Please someone adopt the baby and raise it as your own.
Old Uncle, you might as well look after yourself first.
Hmm ...


Let me have the baby.
You're a monk. What do you want a baby for?
I intend to make him my disciple. But you must tell me honestly whether the baby's mother is really dead.
But ...
The fact is she's not dead, but she's left me. When the last bit of my property had been frittered away, she went out to find work. She's been gone more than three months and I've had no news of her.
So, that's what's happened.

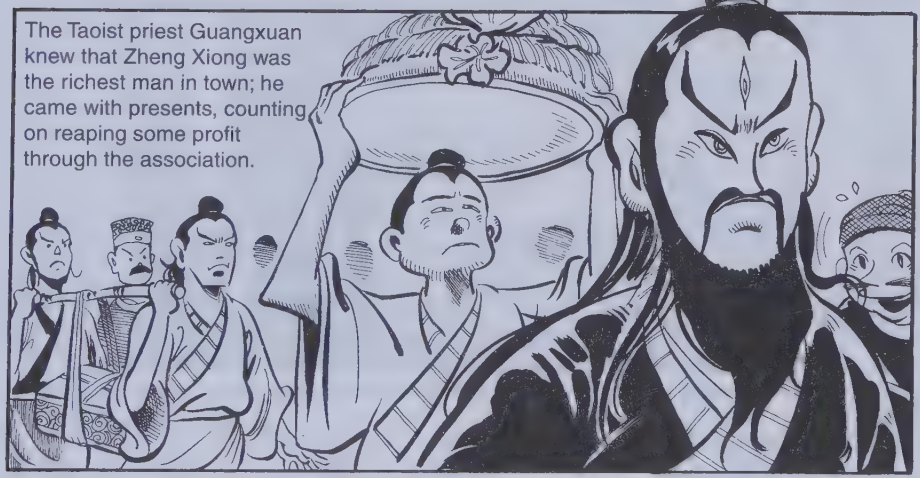

It's a galling shame that being a man I can't even support my wife and child. So I thought I'd drown myself in the lake when I have found someone to raise my baby.
Come with me. I can help you find your wife.
Really? Then I'd be most grateful.

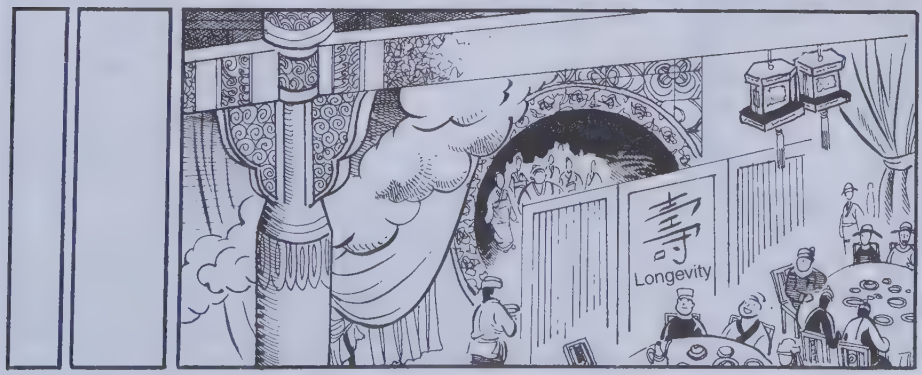

Good luck!
Just follow me!


Give me three cents worth of pickles.
Here's your *mantou*.
I want two pieces of dog's meat.
It was the birthday of the mother of Zheng Xiong, the wealthiest man in Lin'an County. All the big shots in town came to offer felicitations.
You bought all these things, what for?
We're going to offer birthday congratulations.
Just wait here. Someone will come to invite you in later.
All right.

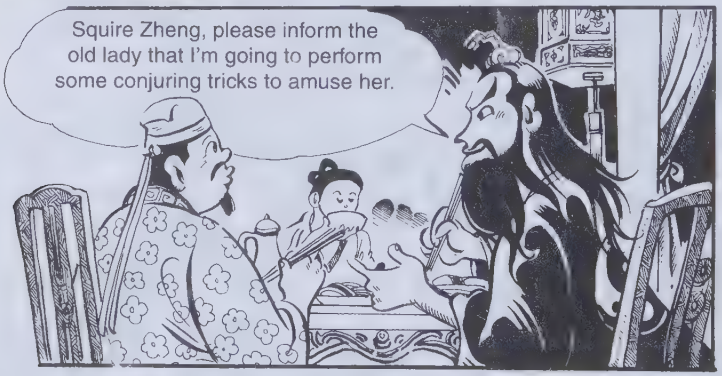
Just as Ji Gong was crossing the threshold ...
What temple is this Holy Master from? Have you brought any presents?
I am from Lingyin Temple on Feilai Peak.
I have here some *mantou*, a bit of pickles and dog's meat. Now take these and offer them to the old lady.
Get lost!
Ouch!
Here comes Master Guangxuan.

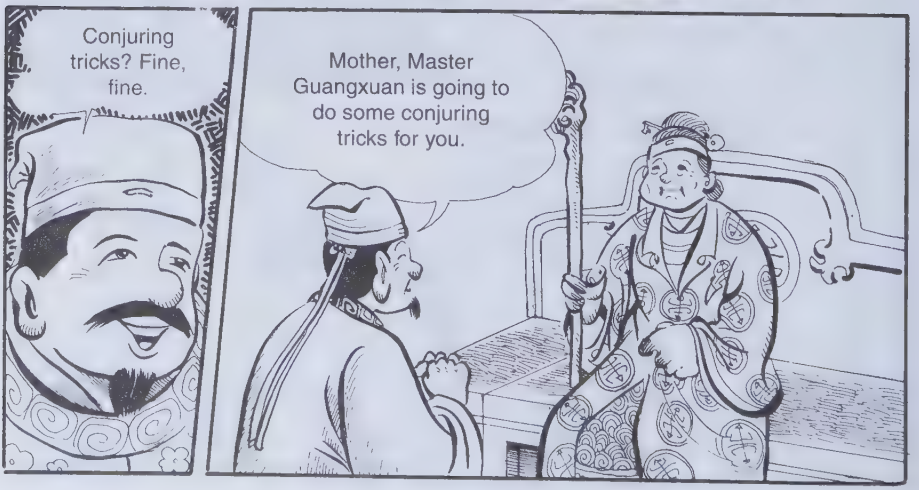
This way, please.


The Taoist priest Guangxuan knew that Zheng Xiong was the richest man in town; he came with presents, counting on reaping some profit through the association.

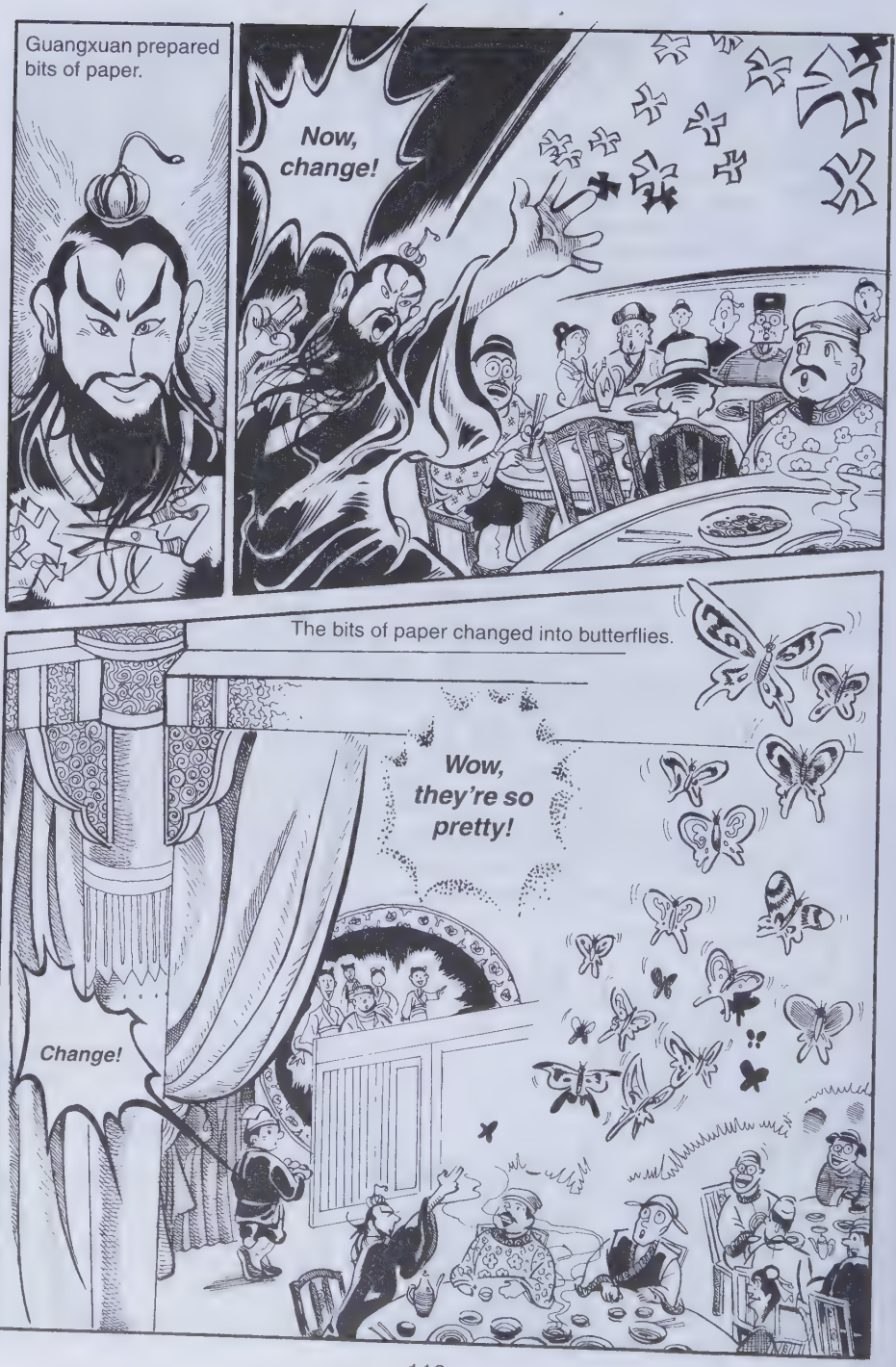

壽
Longevity

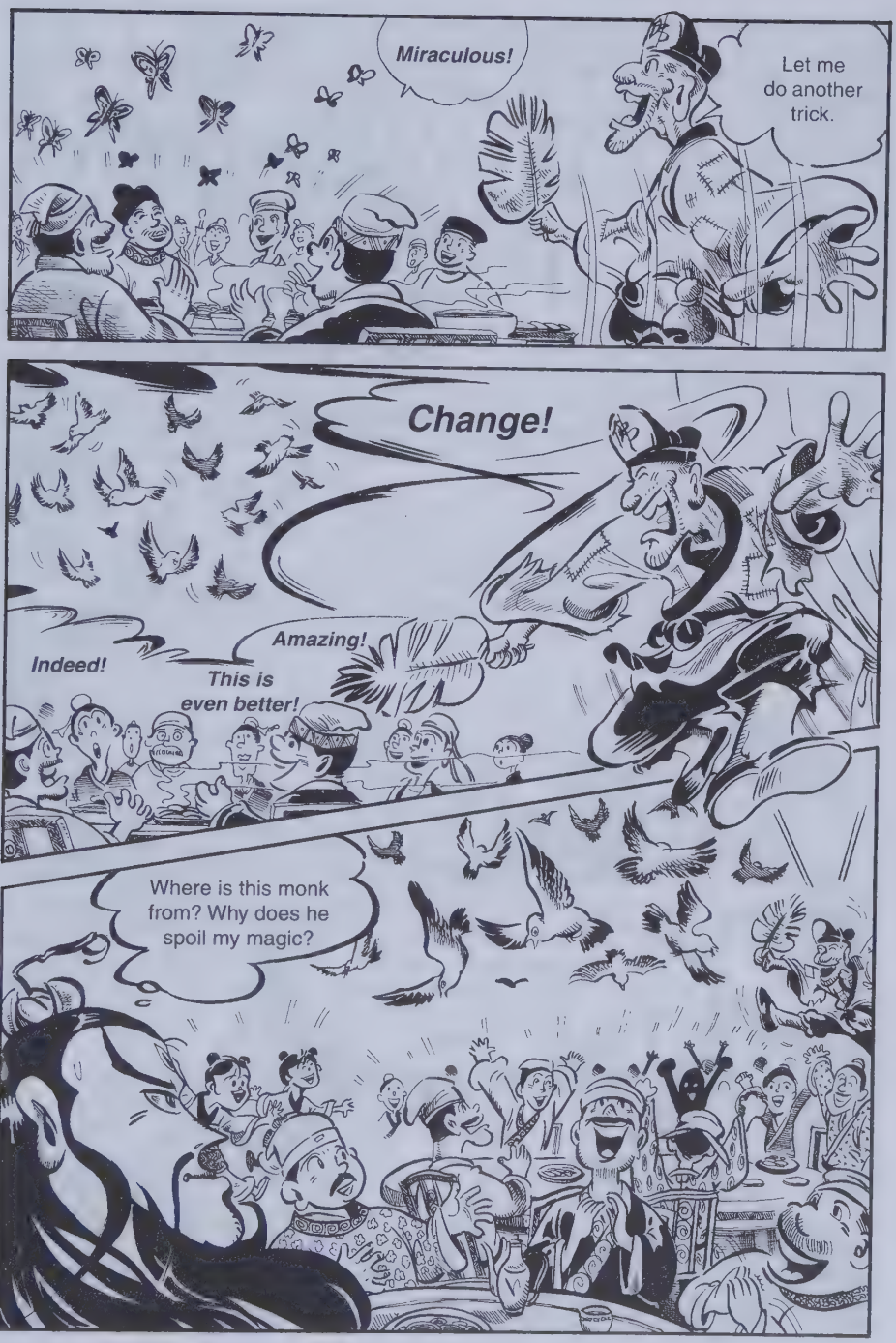
Please accept a small token of my regard.
Thank you, Master.


Squire Zheng, please inform the old lady that I'm going to perform some conjuring tricks to amuse her.


Conjuring tricks? Fine, fine.
Mother, Master Guangxuan is going to do some conjuring tricks for you.

You know that I cannot see and you want me to watch conjuring tricks. How dare you mock me like this?
Yes, we've longed to see them. Do let the priest perform.
But, we'd like to see the tricks.
My, how stupid I am!
I'll go and tell him.
All right then, let him come in.


Guangxuan prepared bits of paper.
Now, change!
The bits of paper changed into butterflies.
Wow, they're so pretty!
Change!


Miraculous!
Let me do another trick.
Change!
Amazing!
Indeed!
This is even better!
Where is this monk from? Why does he spoil my magic?

Squire Zheng, I want to present a bowl of soup to the old lady.
I'll blow it.
Where is this heretic monk from? How dare you try to spoil my magic! I challenge you to a contest.
You want a contest of magic power?
Good!

Longevity
壽
Ha!
Ha!
What a pity!
Mother can't see this
superb performance
of magic art.

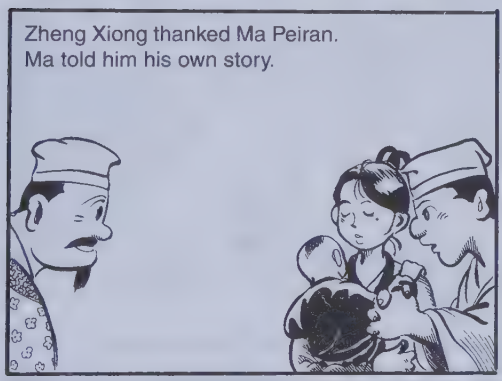
Wait a moment.
It's quite common for sighted people to see, but it takes magic power to make the blind see. I'll do that for your mother.
Eek!
Ji Gong drew a circle round the old lady's left eye.
Ha, now I can see with my left eye!
Thank you, merciful Holy Brother. Now, please do something to her right eye.

Oh, there's nothing I can do about that one. There's a man holding a baby at the gate. Maybe he has that magic power.
Sir, I beg you to cure my mother's right eye.
Me?
Just do this ...
This is a magic drug. Dissolve it in water and apply it to the eye. She'll be able to see.

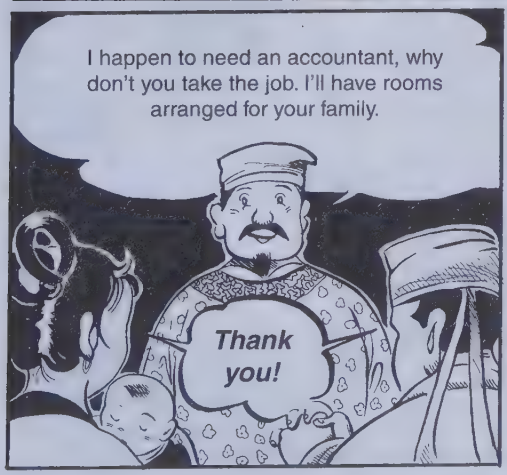
Ah, I see everything clearly.
Now, priest, let's do our fight again for the old lady.

Ji Gong and the priest exercised magic powers against each other. The fight attracted everyone in the Zheng family residence.
This is Ma Peiran's wife.
My Lord! Isn't that my husband?
My dear wife!
How did you manage to come here?
With the help of Master Ji Gong. I have missed you terribly.

I suppose you've had enough of the fighting.
Now, show your original form!
Swoosh!
Eh!
Argh!
Argh!
The priest is actually a fox spirit.



When Ji Gong bade farewell to Zheng Xiong, Zheng offered him some silver, but ...



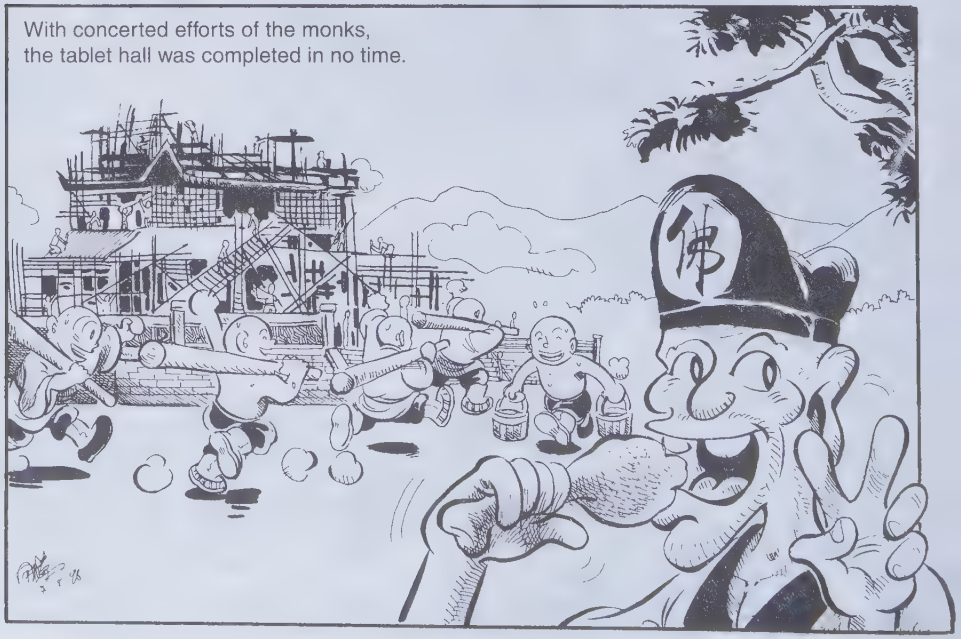
You ...
La, la, la ... I'm back.
Brother Daoji!
The mad monk!
Daoji, today's your deadline. Do you have the 10,000 ounces of silver?
Far from it.

What's the hurry? There are still four hours left.
All right, then. I'll wait and see.
Z
Z
Z
Z
Two hours later ...
A large number of people with two squires taking the lead and carrying cases of presents were coming towards the temple.

We have come to pay respect to the living Buddha.
Who's the living Buddha?
?
Can you tell me the living Buddha's name?
No, we can't, for fear that our allotted life span will be reduced.
I see the living Buddha there!
Here he is!

On seeing Ji Gong, the villagers knelt down and kowtowed to him. Ji Gong sat there without opening his eyes.
Why are you all here?
We've come to donate money to build the tablet hall.
Brother, bring ink and a writing brush and the record book for contributions.
What's going on here?

I give 2,000 ounces of silver.
I'll give 50.
I give 10,000.
I donate 10,000 ounces.
I have 16 timber mills, I'll contribute wood needed for the construction.
Thanks!


With concerted efforts of the monks, the tablet hall was completed in no time.

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